THE CHILD'S WORLD

FOURTH READER

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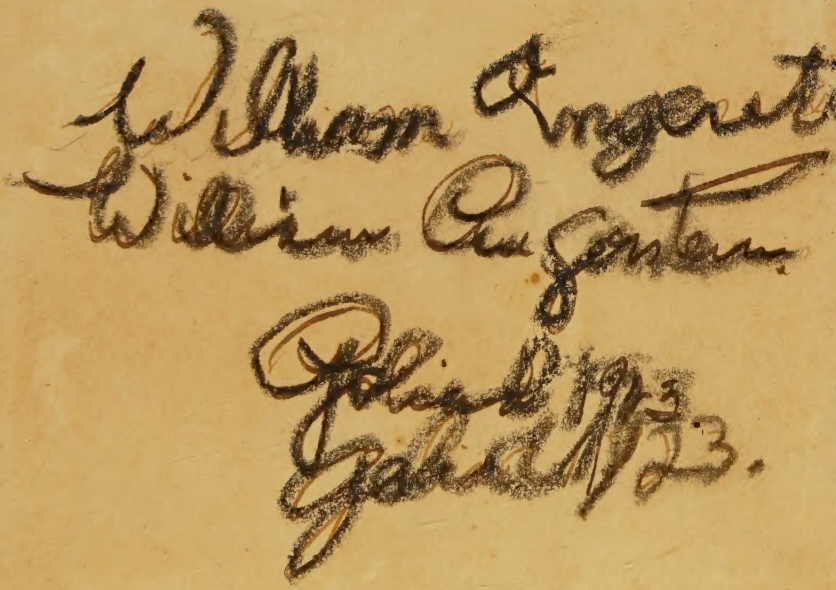

[See p. 271]

The Other Knights Came Out

THE CHILD'S WORLD

FOURTH READER

BY

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CONTENTS

LEGENDS AND FOLK TALES

		Page
King Solomon and the Bee	*Hebrew Tale*	9
The Cadi's Decisions	*Arabian Story*	17
The Wise Judge	*Translated by W. K. Tate*	27
Foreign Lands	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	29
The Wind's Song	*Gabriel Setoun*	30
The Stolen Child	*Translated by W. K. Tate*	31
The Youth Who Could Not Lie	*Swedish Tale*	52
Mondamin	*Hiawatha (adapted)*	62
The Feast of Mondamin	*Hiawatha (adapted)*	67
The Corn Song	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	69
The Month of March	*Italian Fairy Tale*	71
Hark to the Shouting Wind	*Henry Timrod*	78
The Turkey Girl	*Zuni Folk Tale*	79
Rhoecus	*Greek Legend*	83
Golden Rod	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	86
Talking in Their Sleep	*Edith M. Thomas*	86
A Wonderful Weaver	*George Cooper*	88
The Tinder-Box	*Hans Christian Andersen*	89
The Wise Jackal	*East Indian Tale*	101

CHRISTMAS

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night	*Nahum Tate*	106
The Enchanted Flute	*André Theuriet*	107
The Christmas Tree	*Mary McHugh*	112

HOME AND CHILD LIFE

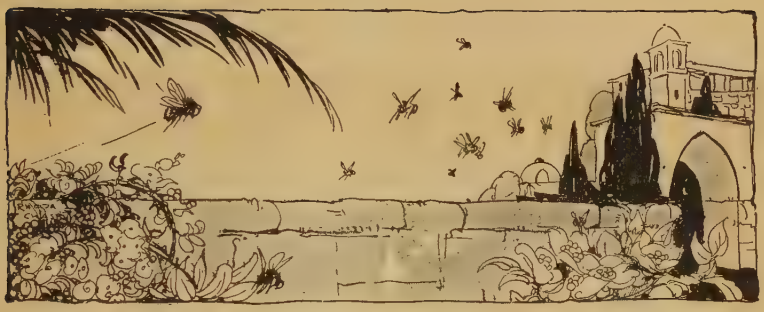
The Magic Flower	*Maud Lindsay*	113
The Boy Who Recommended Himself		117
Antonio Canova	*W. K. Tate*	118
Hans Andersen	*Amy Steedman*	123
Jenny Lind	*Amy Steedman*	130

		Page
The Grapevine Swing	*Samuel Minturn Peck*	139
How Two Georgia Boys Kept School	*Richard Malcolm Johnston*	141
The Truest Courage	*Molly Elliot Seawell*	145
Was He a Coward?	*Laura E. Richards*	155
The Quest	*Eudora Bumstead*	163
Little Brown Hands	*Mary H. Krout*	164
One Two, Three	*Henry C. Bunner*	166
ANIMALS AND PLANTS		
Taking Care of Skip	*Clayton H. Ernst*	168
Whippoorwill Time	*Madison J. Cawein*	174
Balser and the Bear	*Charles Major*	177
The Singing Lesson	*Jean Ingelow*	185
The Third Way Out	*Selma Lagerlöf*	187
Three Trees		193
Their Own Names		195
My Robin	*Sarah K. Bolton*	196
Dame Nature's Recipe	*Rachel G. Smith*	197
OUR COUNTRY		
A Brave Little Rebel		198
Richard Kirkland		206
The Flag Goes By	*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*	211
Song for Flag Day	*Wilbur D. Nesbit*	212
ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD		
How Robin Became an Outlaw	*W. K. Tate*	214
Robin Hood and the Sheriff	*H. E. Marshall*	218
Robin and the Butcher	*H. E. Marshall*	223
KNIGHTHOOD DAYS		
Lullaby of an Infant Chief	*Sir Walter Scott*	235
The Little Lame Prince	*Dinah Maria Mulock (adapted)*	236
The Magic Prison	*Elizabeth Harrison*	252
The Knights of the Silver Shield	*Raymond MacDonald Alden*	267
The Champion of France	*A. Conan Doyle*	279
When Banners are Waving		302

FOURTH READER

[See p. 10

HE FELT A STRANGE PAIN ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE



KING SOLOMON AND THE BEE

I

On a bright summer's day, when the sun beat down fiercely on the heads of the people, King Solomon sought the shade of one of his favorite gardens.

But even where the trees were so thick that the sun's rays could not penetrate, it was hot. Not a breath of air fanned the [v]monarch's cheek; he lay down on the thick grass and gazed through the branches of the trees at the blue sky.

"This great heat makes me weary," said the king, and in a few minutes he had fallen into a deep sleep.

All was still in the beautiful garden, except for the flutter of a few humming-birds and the buzz-

For words marked v see "Dictionary," pages 304–314.

ing of the bees. Even these sounds died out as the day grew hotter and hotter. Only one tiny bee was left moving in the garden. It flew from flower to flower, sipping the honey, until at length it also began to be overcome by the heat.

"Oh, dear! I wonder what is the matter with me," buzzed the little bee. "This is the first time I have come out of the hive. How queer I feel! I hope I am not going to faint."

It was giddy, and after flying round and round dizzily for a few minutes, dropped plop! on King Solomon's nose. Immediately the king awoke with such a start that the little bee was frightened almost out of its wits and flew straight back to the hive.

King Solomon sat up and looked around to see what had awakened him so rudely. He felt a strange pain in the tip of his nose. He rubbed his nose with his finger, but the pain increased.

Attendants came rushing toward him and asked him what was the matter.

"I must have been stung by a bee," said the king angrily. "Send for the Lord High Physician and the Keeper of the Court Plaster without delay. I must not have a blister on the end of my nose. To-morrow I am to be visited by the Queen of

Sheba, and it will not do to have a swollen nose tied up in a sling."

The Lord High Physician came with his many assistants, each carrying a box of ointment, or lint, or some other preparation which might be needed. King Solomon's nose, especially the tip of it, was examined most carefully.

"It is almost nothing," said the Lord High Physician—"just a tiny sting from a little bee. It will be healed in an hour or two, and to-morrow the Queen of Sheba will not notice that anything has befallen thee."

"Meanwhile it hurts," said King Solomon; "and I am vexed with this little bee. How dared it sting me, King Solomon, monarch of all living things on earth, in the air, and in the waters!"

The pain soon ceased, but his majesty did not like the odor of the ointment on his nose and determined to have the bee before him for trial.

"Place the impudent creature under arrest at once," he commanded, "and bring it before me, so that I may hear what it has to say."

"But I do not know it," said the Lord High Chamberlain, to whom the command was given.

"Then, summon the queen bee before me in an

hour and bid her bring the culprit," answered the monarch. "Tell her that I shall hold all the bees guilty until the little wretch is brought into my presence."

The order was carried to the hive by one of the butterflies, and it spread terror among the bees.

Such a buzzing there was that the butterfly said, "Stop making that noise. If the king hears, it will make matters worse."

The queen bee promised to obey King Solomon's command, and in an hour she appeared in state before the great throne. She was escorted by a body guard of twelve bees, who cleared the way before her, walking backward and bowing, with their faces to her.

II

The queen bee approached the throne and made a low bow to King Solomon.

"I, thy slave," she buzzed, "am here at thy bidding, mighty ruler, great and wise. Command, and thou shalt be obeyed."

"It is well," replied King Solomon. "Hast thou brought with thee the culprit, the bee that dared to attack my nose with its sting?"

"I have, your majesty," answered the queen bee. "It is a young bee that left the hive for the first time this day. It attacked not your majesty wilfully, but on account of giddiness caused by the heat. It surely injured thy royal nose but little, since it left not its sting in the wound. Be merciful, oh! king."

"Fear not my judgment," said the king. "Bid the bee stand forth."

Tremblingly, the little bee stood at the foot of the throne and bowed three times to King Solomon.

"Knowest thou not," asked the king, "that I am thy royal master, whose person must be held sacred by all living things?"

"Yes, gracious majesty," buzzed the bee. "Thy slave is aware of this. The happening was but an accident. It is the nature of the bee to thrust forth its sting when in danger. I thought I was in danger when I fell."

"So was I, for I was beneath thee," returned King Solomon.

"Punish me not," pleaded the bee. "I am but one of your majesty's smallest and humblest slaves, but even I may be of service to thee some day."

These words made the whole court laugh.

"Silence!" commanded the king sternly. "There is naught to laugh at in the bee's answer. It pleases me well. Go; thou art free. Some day I may have need of thee."

The little bee bowed its head three times before the king and flew away, buzzing happily.

Next day it kept quite close to the palace.

"I wish to see the procession when the Queen of Sheba arrives," it said; "and also I must be near the king in case his majesty should need me."

In great state, the beautiful Queen of Sheba, followed by hundreds of handsomely robed attendants, approached King Solomon. He was seated on his throne, surrounded by all his court.

"Great and mighty king," she said, curtsying low, "I have heard of thy great wisdom and would like to put it to the test. Hitherto thou hast answered all questions without difficulty; but I have sworn to puzzle thy wondrous wisdom with my woman's wit. Be heedful."

"Beautiful Queen of Sheba," returned King Solomon, rising and bowing in return for her curtsy, "thou art as ᵛwitty as thou art fair. If thou art successful in puzzling me, thy ᵛtriumph shall be

duly rewarded. I will load thee with rich presents and will proclaim thy wit and wisdom to the whole world."

"I accept thy challenge," replied the queen; "and at once."

Behind her majesty stood two beautiful girl attendants bearing flowers. The queen, taking a bouquet in each hand, said to King Solomon, "Tell me, thou who art the wisest man on earth, which of these bunches is real and which artificial."

"They are both beautiful, and their fragrance is delicious," replied King Solomon.

"Ah!" said the queen, "but only one bunch has fragrance. Which is it?"

King Solomon looked at the flowers. Both bunches seemed exactly alike. From where he sat, it was impossible to notice any difference. He did not answer at once, but knit his brows as if puzzled. The courtiers also looked troubled. Never before had they seen the king hesitate.

"Is it impossible for your majesty to answer the question?" the queen asked.

Solomon shook his head and smiled. "Never yet have I failed to answer a question," he said. "Thou shalt be answered."

"And at once," demanded the queen.

"So be it," answered King Solomon, gazing thoughtfully around and raising his scepter.

He alone had heard the faint buzzing of the little bee, which had settled on one of the window panes.

"Let that window be opened," he commanded, pointing to it with his scepter, "that the bee may enter."

When the window was opened the little bee flew in. Straight to the Queen of Sheba it went, and without any hesitation, settled on the bouquet in her left hand.

"Thou hast my answer, fair Queen of Sheba," said King Solomon, rising, "given by one of the tiniest of my subjects. It settled on the flowers that are natural. The bouquet in thy right hand was made by human hands."

The whole court applauded the monarch's wisdom in bidding the little bee help him out of his difficulty.

"Oh, king!" said the queen humbly, "I had heard of thy wisdom, but believed not. Lo! the half had not been told."

—Hebrew Tale.

THE CADI'S DECISIONS

ACT I

TIME: Near sunset.
PLACE: City gate.
CHARACTERS: ᵛMustapha, an Arab ᵛSheik; ᵛSelim, a beggar.

(Mustapha, having heard that a ᵛcadi in his kingdom was as wise in his decisions as Solomon, set out to test the truth of the report, dressed like a private person and mounted on an Arabian steed.)

SELIM (*seizing the border of Mustapha's garment*): Alms, kind sir, ᵛalms!

MUSTAPHA: Here— Take this and may ᵛAllah bless you!

(Selim still holds to the garment.)

MUSTAPHA: What do you want? Have I not given you alms?

SELIM: Yes, my lord, but the law says not only, "Thou shalt give alms to thy brother," but also, "Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst."

MUSTAPHA: Well, and what can I do for you?

SELIM: You can save me from being trodden under the feet of men and beasts—

a fate that will surely befall me in passing through the crowded square.

MUSTAPHA: How can I save you?

SELIM: By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market place, where I have business.

MUSTAPHA: Be it so. Come, climb up behind.

(Stooping down, he helps the cripple mount the horse. At length the market place is reached.)

MUSTAPHA: Is this where you wished to stop?

SELIM: Yes.

MUSTAPHA: Then get down.

SELIM: Get down yourself.

MUSTAPHA: Wherefore?

SELIM: That I may have the horse.

MUSTAPHA: That you may have the horse! What mean you?

SELIM: I mean that he belongs to me. If you do not get down, I will take the case before the cadi. We are in the town of the just cadi, you know, and he will surely decide in my favor.

MUSTAPHA: Why should he do so when the animal is mine?

SELIM: When he sees us two—you with your

strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my poor crippled feet—he will decide that the horse belongs to him who has most need of it.

MUSTAPHA: Should he do so, he would not be the just cadi.

SELIM (*laughing*): Oh, as to that, although he is just, he can make mistakes.

MUSTAPHA (*to himself*): This will be a fine chance to test the wisdom of the cadi.

(*Turns to beggar*) I am content; we shall go before him.

ACT II

TIME: Hour later.
PLACE: Cadi's court.
CHARACTERS: Cadi, Writer, Peasant, Butcher, Oil merchant, Mustapha, Selim, Officers

(A writer and a peasant had a dispute over a female slave—as to which owned her. The woman remained obstinately silent, not saying a word in favor of either. This case is being heard.)

CADI: We shall hear the peasant first.

PEASANT (*bowing low*): My lord cadi, this woman you see is my slave. I bought her

only last week. This man has stolen her from me. I pray you make him restore her to me.

WRITER: Not so, my lord; this woman has been my slave for many years, attending to my humble home. It is the peasant who is guilty. He stole my slave from me last week and declares that he bought her in the market. I pray that you restore her to me.

CADI: Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow. We shall now hear the case of the butcher and the oil merchant.

BUTCHER (*bowing low*): My lord cadi, I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay for it, drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of it tempted him. He seized me by the wrist to wrench the money from me. I cried out, but he would not let me go. Here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money, and he still grasping my wrist. Your honor, I do declare that the money is mine.

OIL MERCHANT: This man came to purchase oil from me. When I gave him the bottle, he asked if I could change a gold piece. I drew out a handful of money and laid it on a barrel in my shop. He seized it and was walking off with it, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, "Robber!" In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money. So I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. I declare that this money is truly my own.

CADI: Leave the money with me and return to-morrow.

(The two bow low and depart. The case of Mustapha and Selim is then called.)

MUSTAPHA (*bowing low*): My lord cadi, I came from afar to visit your city. At the gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then that he might ride behind me to the market place. When we arrived there, he refused to get down, declaring the horse belonged to him, and that

your worship would surely give it to the one who needed it most. That, my lord, is the state of the case.

SELIM: My lord, that is not the true state of the case. I was on my way to the market, riding this horse, which belongs to me. When I saw the man, half dead with fatigue, I kindly offered to let him ride to the market place, for which he eagerly thanked me. What was my astonishment, then, when he refused to get down and said that my horse was his! I immediately brought him before your worship, in order that you might decide between us.

CADI: Leave the horse here and return tomorrow.

ACT III

TIME: Next day.
PLACE: Cadi's court.
CHARACTERS: Same.

CADI: The writer will please come forward.

(Writer comes forward bowing low.)

The slave is thine. Take her home. Officer, give this peasant fifty blows for stealing the slave and lying about it.

Now, the oil merchant and the butcher may come forward.

Here, butcher, is the money. It is truly thine, not the oil merchant's. Officer, give this merchant fifty blows—that he may remember not to be dishonest.

Mustapha and Selim may now come forward.

Mustapha, would you recognize your horse among others?

MUSTAPHA: Yes, my lord.

CADI: Follow me.

(They enter stable and Mustapha points out his horse.)

'Tis well, Mustapha. Return now to the court room and bid Selim come here.

(Mustapha retires and soon Selim enters.)

CADI: Kindly point to the horse that belongs

to you, Selim. Be sure that you make no mistake.

(Selim points to same horse.)

SELIM: This, my lord, is mine.

(Cadi returns to his place in the court room.)

CADI: Mustapha, the horse is thine. Go to the stable and take him. Officer, give this man fifty blows for his roguery.

(All retire from the court except the cadi and Mustapha.)

CADI: Why do you wait, Mustapha? Are you disappointed with the award?

MUSTAPHA: No, my lord, quite the contrary; but I wish to know how you render such justice, for I am sure that the other two decisions were as just as mine. I am Mustapha, Sheik of Algeria, and I traveled here to test your decisions. I find that they are indeed wise. Tell me your reasons.

(Cadi bows to ground and kisses his master's hand.)

CADI: My lord, it is very simple. Your highness saw that I postponed my decisions until to-day?

MUSTAPHA: Yes, I saw.

CADI: Well, this morning I called the slave and said, "Put fresh ink in my inkstand." This she promptly did, as if she had done the same thing a hundred times before. I said to myself, "This woman has not been slave to the peasant. She belongs to the writer."

MUSTAPHA: Good! And the butcher? How did you reach that decision?

CADI: Did your highness notice that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?

MUSTAPHA: Surely I did.

CADI: Well, last night I placed the money in a vessel filled with water. This morning when I looked at it there was not a particle of oil to be seen on the surface of the water. I said to myself, "If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands. As it is not, the butcher's story must be correct."

MUSTAPHA: Good! And my horse? How did you know the truth about that?

CADI: Ah, that was difficult. Until this morning I was greatly puzzled.

MUSTAPHA: The cripple did not recognize the animal, I suppose?

CADI: On the contrary, he pointed him out at once.

MUSTAPHA: How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?

CADI: I brought you to the stable separately, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would know you. When you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his head, and neighed with delight, but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master.

MUSTAPHA: Allah has given you great wisdom. You should be in my place and I in thine. But I fear that I could not fill your place.

—ARABIAN STORY.

THE WISE JUDGE

A GRASPING rich man had carelessly lost a large sum of money which he had sealed in a package. He had made known his loss and offered a reward of a hundred dollars to the finder. In a few days an honest man found the package. With the joy of an upright person, he brought it to the owner, saying, "I have found a package which is doubtless yours; take your property."

The owner rejoiced because he had recovered his money, which he had not expected to see again. He counted it carefully and found that it was all there. His ᵛmiserly heart sank, however, when he remembered the reward he had promised the finder.

Suddenly he thought of a way to cheat the honest man out of the hundred dollars. He counted the money again and said, "My good friend, I put eight hundred dollars in this package; now I find only seven hundred. You have opened it, I ᵛpresume, and taken out your reward. That is satisfactory to me. Thank you for your honesty."

This was a mean trick, but in the end it was not so shrewd as it seemed. The rascal is frequently caught in his own trap.

The honest finder, who cared more for his own honor and reputation than for the hundred dollars, insisted that he had brought the package just as he had found it. At last the matter came before a judge for decision. Both of the men stoutly held to their first statements. One said that he had sealed up eight hundred dollars; the other that he had not opened the package at all, but had returned it as he found it. It was difficult to get at the truth.

The wise judge, who recognized the honesty of the one and the dishonesty of the other, made a shrewd decision. He accepted as true the statements of both and said, "If one of you has lost eight hundred dollars and the other has found a package containing only seven hundred dollars, it is clear that the package which the last man found is not the one which the first man lost. My honest friend, take back the money you have found and keep it till it is claimed by some one who lost only seven hundred dollars. And you, the loser, must simply wait with patience till a man comes who has found eight hundred dollars."

So saying, he gave the money to the finder, and the dishonest rich man went home empty handed.

—Translated by W. K. Tate.

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE WIND'S SONG

O WINDS that blow across the sea,
What is the story that you bring?
Leaves clap their hands on every tree
And birds about their branches sing.

You sing to flowers and trees and birds
Your sea-songs over all the land.
Could you not stay and whisper words
A little child might understand?

The roses nod to hear you sing;
But though I listen all the day,
You never tell me anything
Of father's ship so far away.

With wings spread out it flies so fast
It leaves the waves all white with foam.
Just whisper to me, blowing past,
If you have seen it sailing home.

The winds sing songs where'er they roam;
The leaves all clap their little hands;
For father's ship is coming home
With wondrous things from foreign lands.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

THE STOLEN CHILD

I. The Robbers

THE castle of ᵛEichenfels stood on the border of a great forest. Here lived the Knight of Eichenfels with his beautiful wife, the ᵛCountess ᵛAdelaide, and their infant son, Count Henry. A true ᵛdevotion bound the parents to each other and to the child, who was just beginning to talk.

But there came a sad day to the castle of Eichenfels. War broke out, and the king called his soldiers to the defense of the country. The countess wept when her husband rode away, leaving her alone in the castle with the infant and the servants.

One day as she sat by her child's cradle, a messenger arrived from the army. He told that the Knight of Eichenfels had been badly wounded and urged the countess to go to him at once if she wished to see him before he died. The poor countess was in great grief and distress. She must go to the bedside of her wounded husband and could not take the child with her. He would be left at the castle with the servants until her return.

She called the child's nurse for a last word. "Marguerite," she said, "I go on a far journey.

My husband is wounded and wishes to see me. As I cannot take the child with me, I must leave him here with you. Look after him day and night and do not trust him out of your sight. Watch over him faithfully, that I may find him safe and sound when I come back."

Marguerite gave her promise that she would never leave the infant and that she would protect him from all harm. With one last kiss for little Henry, the countess entered her coach and drove away to the wounded knight.

The nurse guarded the boy most faithfully for three days, and he was perfectly well and happy. In the afternoon of the fourth day, as he lay asleep in his cradle, a band of musicians came into the court-yard and began playing their airs. Since the master and mistress were away from home, the servants had little to do, so they flocked out into the yard and began to dance to the music. Marguerite, who was young and fond of dancing, stood at a window watching them.

Presently the door opened gently and a young manservant entered.

"Marguerite," he said, "come out in the yard and dance with us. No one can dance like you."

"I cannot come," sighed Marguerite. "The baby is asleep, and I promised the countess that I would not leave him for a moment."

"Do come, Marguerite," begged the young man. "Come, let us have just one dance together. The child always sleeps for several hours and will not wake now. He is safe here in the cradle."

Marguerite, who longed to dance, at last yielded to the servant's persuasion and went out for one dance only. But the music was so brisk that the girl danced a second and a third time; indeed she went on dancing, forgetting her charge until she was recalled to it by the end of the frolic and the departure of the musicians.

"I have forgotten the child!" she cried. "Maybe he has awakened; I will run to him."

Marguerite hastened up the steps. Everything was still. As she entered the room where the child slept, she was surprised to find things scattered over the floor. She rushed to the cradle; it was empty.

For a moment Marguerite thought that the child had fallen out of the cradle. She hunted the room over, and not finding him, cried aloud in her alarm. Her calls brought the other servants, and they hunted but could not find the infant. A beautiful picture of

the countess, which had lain on a table, was likewise missing, besides other things.

"Oh!" wept Marguerite, "why did I leave the child? Why did I go into the yard?"

The servants, in great distress, talked the matter over. "The child," they said, "has been stolen. The musicians were robbers. They played the dance music to draw us from the castle. Then when we were all out in the yard, one of them slipped upstairs, took the child from the cradle, and escaped down the back stairway."

While they talked together, they heard the sound of a coach moving rapidly; the countess had come home. Her husband was not dead, but was recovering from his wounds and would soon be able to fight again. He had sent the countess home, so that the child might be no longer left alone with the servants.

Surprised to find no one in the yard, the countess ran upstairs. She entered Henry's room and saw the weeping nurse at the empty cradle. Turning deathly pale, she cried out in terror, "What has happened! Tell me. Where is my child?"

At first the servants were speechless, but finally the mother learned the whole story.

"Yes, yes, the child has been stolen," she agreed. "The musicians were robbers. Take horse; ride out into the forest and hunt everywhere. We shall surely find him. They had no horses and cannot have gone far. Hasten!"

The servants hunted through the forest, but found no trace of either child or musicians. The nurse and countess searched every nook and corner of the castle, but all in vain. Little Henry had vanished.

The poor mother could not be comforted. Day and night she thought of nothing but her son. "The robbers have stolen the child for a ransom," she would say. "Why do they not come for it? I would gladly give all I possess to have the babe once more in my arms. Oh, that my dear husband were here! But I may not even tell him that the boy is lost. He lies wounded and when he recovers he will again fight for king and country. He must not know of this until the war is over or our son is brought back."

When the nurse saw her mistress weeping bitter tears, she grew more and more unhappy. At last she said to herself, "I can stay here no longer and witness the mother's grief. I did wrong to leave the child and am richly punished for breaking my

pledge. I shall never be happy again until he is found. I must go away."

So the poor nurse went away to make her living far from the castle of Eichenfels.

II. The Cave in the Mountain

What had become of little Henry? A wicked old woman belonging to the robber band had crept softly into the room while the servants were dancing in the court-yard. She picked up the sleeping child and some things of value she found at hand, among them a picture of the countess set with pearls and diamonds. Then she slipped down the back stairway, crept out through a gate in the castle wall and escaped unseen into the forest.

The old woman at length reached a spot where the bushes grew thick. Creeping through them, she came to a little door in the side of a mountain, which she opened with a key. She locked the door behind her, lit a small lamp and entered a dark and narrow passage. By the aid of the light, the old woman made her way into the mountain until she came to a place where several passages met, forming a large cave. She had reached the robbers' dwelling. Here on the ground lay their plunder.

SHE CAME TO A LITTLE DOOR

After a time the child woke and cried. The old woman gave him a little milk and then let him cry as long as he pleased. Poor little Henry had always lived in a bright room, with friendly faces on every side. He could not understand why everything was so dark and why no one paid attention to his weeping.

But presently he saw something that gave him comfort. It was the picture of his beautiful mother, which the old woman had thrown down on the ground along with the other stolen goods. He took it up in his little hands, kissed it and lisped, "Mother, mother."

By and by the robbers, too, came back to the cave. "Well, old woman," they said, "you have stolen the child. That is good. In two or three weeks we will demand a large ransom for him. Did you take anything else?"

"Yes, indeed," said the old woman; "many things. See this picture; it is set with pearls and diamonds and is very valuable."

The leader pulled it out of the child's hands, which made little Henry cry and call out, "Mother!"

Annoyed by his wailing, the robber gave back the picture, saying, "You may have your mother, bad child."

Henry took the picture and held it to his breast.

One day soon after this, the robbers came back to the cave much cast down. The king had passed a law to punish child-stealing by death.

"It is a pity we took this baby," said the leader. "We cannot now ransom him; he must stay with us. We will keep him hidden for five or six years, until he will come to think that he is our lad. And he will grow up to be a robber like us."

The woman was too old to go out often and remained in the cave with the child. Henry never left it; he no longer remembered any other life and was contented. The old woman, who did not wish to run after the child, taught him to fear the darkness. He, therefore, stayed near the lamp and did not stray out into the passages.

When he grew larger, Henry played with the youngest of the robbers, a kind-hearted youth who had also been carried off when a child and had been forced to steal. He was good to the little boy, often bringing him toys and playthings. Once it was a wooden lamb; at another time a pair of scissors and colored paper. The young man taught Henry to make paper flowers and leaves, and he spent many happy hours in this way.

The boy grew to be seven years old, and as yet knew nothing of the beautiful world outside. He knew only the robbers, the old woman and the life in the cave. The woman now slept most of the time, and when the robbers were away Henry had to amuse himself as best he might. He would often say to his friend, the young robber, "When you take the lamp out there in the darkness, the light keeps getting smaller and smaller till at last it shines no more. Where do you go? I wish to go with you."

"No," replied the robber, "you are too young to go with me. Stay here and make paper flowers."

III. The Escape

It happened once that the robbers had gone away on a distant journey and the old woman slept even longer than usual, so that Henry at last grew lonesome and tired of his playthings. The darkness on every side seemed almost to beckon him.

"I am going out there," he said at last. "I am going to see what it is like."

Taking a light, he started out on his journey of discovery. The passage was long and dark; it led him to a place where another passage joined. Un-

certain which one to follow, the boy turned into the new way. Suddenly a gust of air blew out his light; everything was dark and still. For a moment he could make out nothing in the blackness, but presently a dim light appeared in the distance.

Henry now ran ahead as fast as he could. The light grew larger and larger, and the little wanderer soon reached a place where the passage led into the open air. The hole was small, but he crept through it and out into the beautiful, wonderful world.

"Ah!" he said in surprise, "this is a wonderful cave; it is far better than ours."

It was early in the morning, and for the first time the child saw the sun rise. All about him were trees, grass and wild flowers.

"Oh," he cried in astonishment, "see the big lamp! And look at the flowers! I have never made that many flowers with my paper and scissors, and I cannot make them beautiful like these."

Next he came upon a young lamb. "There is a lamb," he said, "but it is much bigger than my lamb. I will play with it." As he was about to touch the lamb, it rose and said, "Baa, baa, baa!"

"Good, good!" cried Henry in delight. "Lamb, you are not like the lamb back in my cave. You

can talk and stand up, while my lamb can do neither. You are a fine toy."

While he stood there stroking the lamb, a shepherd, who had seen him crawl out of the mountain, came up and looked at him in wonder. Henry, noticing him, asked, "Robber, is this your cave?"

"I am no robber," said the shepherd; "and this is no cave. Who are you and where do you hail from?"

"I came through the passage from our dark cave into this light one," Henry replied. "It is much brighter here than in our cave, and your lamp is much bigger. Did you make all these flowers and leaves by yourself, or did other robbers help you?"

The shepherd, who had been told that robbers lived near, was alarmed when he heard the child speak in this manner. He looked at him closely and thought, "This is no robber's child; he has been stolen from his home. The robbers may come for him, and I had best take him away at once."

So he took the child on one arm and the lamb on the other and set out walking swiftly. There happened to live a hermit near by in a little hut in the forest. To this good man the shepherd hastened, and to him he told the strange story—how

he had seen the child come out of the ground and how he talked of nothing but caves and robbers.

The hermit listened calmly to the end; then said, "Yes, the little lad is no robber's son; he is too delicately made. Doubtless he is the child of rich people, stolen when a babe. I will keep him in my house. The robbers will not come here, for they know well that I have naught to steal."

The shepherd went his way with thanks, leaving Henry with the hermit. When they were alone, the old man questioned the boy.

"My poor child," he said, "have you a father or a mother?"

"Oh! yes," the boy replied, "I have a beautiful mother. See, here she is."

And he gave the hermit the picture of the countess, which he had brought with him.

The hermit, gazing at the lovely face, said, "This is indeed a beautiful woman; she must be a great lady. It is easy to see that she is the mother of the child, for they have the same eyes and the same mouth. Since we have the picture, we will find the parents. Sad indeed they must be to have lost such a fine lad!"

Henry looked all around him in wonder. When

he saw the flowers in the garden, he asked, "Did you make the flowers? You have lovelier paper than I have and more of it."

"I did not make the flowers," said the hermit. "God made them."

"Is he the leader of the robbers?" Henry asked.

"Have you never heard of God?" the hermit said in surprise.

"No, he is not in our cave," answered the boy.

"I see that I must keep the boy a while," the hermit thought. "He is pale and sickly from the confinement of the cave and needs to run outdoors. Besides he knows not God, and I will teach him."

Then he led Henry into the cottage, and set honey, bread and fruit before him.

"What good things to eat!" said the boy. "You must have brought home a fine spoil to-day."

"I am no robber," answered the hermit. "This fruit grew in my garden; the bread came from my wheat; the honey from my bees; and the good God gave them all."

At the end of supper, the hermit took a vessel and began to water his flowers. Henry cried out to stop him.

"Oh! do not do that," he said. "I dropped a paper flower into water once and it was no longer beautiful."

"Paper flowers are not like these," the hermit replied. "God made these flowers. They grow from the earth and must have water to drink. Therefore, I give it to them each day."

So Henry began to learn of the unknown world about him. He went out with the hermit into the fields and woods and saw many strange things. At last the sun sank down toward the ᵛhorizon, and this ᵛdismayed the child.

"The lamp is falling into a hole!" he cried.

"No," smiled the hermit, "that is the sun. It is only setting; in the morning it will come again. Now you must go to your bed."

The child looked at the bed in wonder, but he found it so comfortable that he fell asleep in a few minutes. The hermit knelt beside him and prayed; then he, too, sought rest.

IV. The Journey

Henry remained with the hermit all summer. He grew strong and sunburned, and learned much. The hermit taught him of God and of the earth He had ᵛcreated.

When summer had gone and the leaves turned yellow, the hermit said to the boy, "To-morrow we will go out into the world to hunt your parents."

They traveled three days, and little Henry for the first time saw other children. The couple passed through many cities and towns and at last came one morning to a meadow where a young girl herded geese. She was crying.

The kind hermit, going over into the meadow, spoke to her.

"My girl, why do you weep? Can I aid you?"

"No," sobbed the girl. "Nobody can help me. I am forever miserable because I did not keep my promise to my mistress. I pledged myself to watch over her child, but I left him alone and went out into the court-yard to dance. The boy was stolen, and my poor mistress is now alone and sad. For six years I have prayed night and day that he might be brought back. I shall never know a happy hour until the child is found."

The old hermit heard her story with thanksgiving. "'Perchance, my daughter, your prayers have been answered. Look at this," he said, showing her the picture Henry had taken from the cave. "Do you know the face?"

"Why, that is my mistress!" the girl cried in wonder. "It is the picture that was stolen with the child. Tell me, how did it come into your hands?"

The old man told her of the little lad who had crawled out of the mountain with it and called it mother.

"Thank God!" said the goose girl. "The child has been found. Where is he? I must see him."

When the hermit showed her the boy, she said, "Yes, yes, that is the little Count Henry. He is like his dear mother." She kissed Henry and wept—this time for joy.

The hermit talked further with the girl, who at last offered to show the way to Eichenfels. She obtained leave to be gone for a few days, and they set out on the journey.

The third evening after leaving the meadow they were still far from the castle, for the old hermit could not travel fast. Night found them in the midst of a thick forest. Since they could go no farther for the darkness, they stopped at a small inn in the woods.

"I care not to spend the night here," Marguerite declared. "These may not be good people, and besides the robbers might come again."

"We are in God's hands," the hermit answered. "He will ᵛpreserve us."

In the dead of the night there came a great knocking on the door; it woke the house. Marguerite, who had risen with the others; cried out, "Do not open the door. The robbers have come for the child."

The hermit said, "Be still; I will open the door."

As he did so, a number of soldiers entered. "Our commander is coming," they said. "Make ready."

The landlord obeyed. In a short time a handsome knight clad in gleaming ᵛarmor arrived and sat down ᵛwearily at the hearth.

"I am glad," he said to the hermit, "to see a man of God once more. For years I have been with none but soldiers."

"Who are you, stranger?" asked the hermit.

"I am the Knight of Eichenfels," the soldier answered. "The war is ended, and I am homeward bound."

"Have you a wife and child?"

"Yes, a lovely wife. I also left a little child at home. At first my wife wrote often of him, but for six years past she has told me nothing of the boy. I greatly fear that he is sick or dead; but to-morrow

I shall reach my home and learn all. Tell me, holy man, why you are traveling in this wild forest."

The hermit told the knight that he was taking a stolen child home to its parents. "Here," said he, "is the picture of the lad's mother."

"That is my wife!" exclaimed the knight.

"Yes," said the hermit, "and the child is your child."

"Where is he?" cried the happy father.

The hermit led him to the bed-room, where he saw the sleeping boy and was overcome with joy.

"Oh, my poor wife!" he said. "She told me nothing of this because she knew that I must stay with the king till the war was over. How she has grieved! And even yet she knows not that the child is found. Let us go to her at once."

"No," said the hermit, "remain here a while with your son. I will go alone and break the good news to her—that the child is found and that you come bringing him home. The news must be broken gently, lest she die of joy."

When morning came, the knight gave the hermit a horse. The old man, riding hard, made such speed that by afternoon he was in the court-yard of the castle.

V. The Return

The countess sat alone on a bench in the garden, weeping. The hermit approached her and asked, "Why do you weep, good lady?"

"Because my husband comes home—to find his son gone," she answered.

"Is he dead?" asked the old man.

"No, he was stolen six years ago. I would have given a great ransom for him, but I could learn nothing of his fate, though I searched high and low."

"Maybe you will find your son yet," said the hermit. "Listen, my good lady; I know a child who, like your child, was stolen as a babe. He lived six years in a cave with wicked robbers, but God was also there. The lad made his escape, and I have given him back to his father."

"Ah!" said the countess. "But the mother! What did the mother say when she saw her child?"

"The mother does not yet know," said the hermit.

"Good sir, run quickly and tell her," cried the countess. "Her distress is great."

The hermit stood a moment in silence and then said, "Rejoice, oh! lady; God has done all things well."

Then the countess understood that she was the mother whose child had been found. When a little later the knight arrived with little Henry, her happiness was complete. There was merrymaking and feasting in the castle that night such as never before.

Next day the knight sent his soldiers to take the robbers. While some of the men surrounded the mountain, others entered the cave and brought out the robbers, with the stolen booty. They were taken prisoners to the castle, where the knight judged them. He set free the young robber, Henry's friend, who became one of the trusted guards of the castle. The others, who were cruel robbers and murderers, were put to death for their crimes. The countess built a cottage for the good hermit, who would accept neither silver nor gold.

Henry grew up a good and brave man, but he never forgot the years he had lived in the cave. Neither did he forget what the hermit had taught him, and often said to his children, "The world is beautiful. We ought always to give thanks to the Creator that we do not live in darkness but enjoy the sunshine, the trees, the flowers, and all the other good things He has given us."

—Translated by W. K. Tate.

THE YOUTH WHO COULD NOT LIE

I

A LONG time ago there was a man who had three sons. When the time came for him to die, it was his wish to divide his property equally among them, but being old and weak, he had forgotten how to count. After he had given his two elder sons their shares, he discovered that nothing was left for the youngest.

"My dear Swen," he said, "this is a nice kettle of fish! I have given your brothers all I possess, and now I have nothing to bestow on you but my blessing and a pair of old woolen gloves."

"Don't worry yourself about that, my dear father," replied Swen; "I am quite content with my share. An old pair of woolen gloves is a good thing to have when the cold nips one's fingers, and your blessing is worth more to me than all the gold in the world."

So Swen received the gloves and the blessing, and a little later the father died.

Swen slung his bow across his shoulders, hung his sword at his side and tucked his flute away inside

his jacket. Then, putting the gloves in a pocket, he took leave of his brothers, wishing them the best of luck.

He had scarcely turned his back before they began to quarrel over their inheritance. Swen, however, had gone whistling on his way to try his fortune in the great world.

"How easily a fellow can march along when he has no pack and not so much as a penny to weigh him down!" thought Swen.

Springtime was coming. All the frozen rivers and brooks had melted and were flowing swiftly along between their steep, rocky banks. High above the fields the first larks were singing.

"I can trill, too," said Swen; and seating himself upon a stone in the middle of the brook, he played his flute. So near did the birds come flying that they brushed his cap with their wings, and the small trout in the stream danced to the tune he played.

And so the days passed happily. Whenever he was hungry, Swen would shoot a hare and roast it; if he lost his way in the forest, he would make a path with his sword. In the evening he would play for the dance in the peasants' cottages, and get in return a supper and a corner of the barn to sleep

in. Wherever Swen wandered, he hastened along with so quick a step and so bright a face that the folk who met him would turn round to look at him. "That's a merry youngster for you!" they would say.

II

At last Swen came to the garden of the king's palace, and there on all sides ᵛplacards were posted bearing the word "Notice" in large letters. The placards stated that the Lord Chamberlain was dead and that anyone who wished might apply for the place.

"Best is good enough," thought Swen. "I must try my luck here."

With this he walked straight into the royal ᵛaudience-chamber. There sat the king on his throne, hot and perspiring, and thoroughly worn out from hearing the many ᵛapplicants for the position.

Beside him, on a high narrow throne, sat his daughter, the princess, swinging her feet and eating cherries out of a silver basket.

"Good day, your majesty," said Swen.

"Good day," replied the king. "Pray what is your errand?"

"I have come to apply for the place of Lord Chamberlain," answered Swen. "I suppose that anyone who wishes has a right to apply."

"Do you think you are fit for such a post?" asked the king, stroking his long beard.

"I will tell you that when I have had a try at it," said Swen.

The king looked at the princess, and the princess looked at the king; the princess was throwing cherry stones on the carpet.

"You shouldn't do that," said Swen. "They might leave stains."

"That's none of your business," replied the princess, and went on eating.

"I see you are an archer," said the king, noticing the bow Swen carried. "Can you always hit the bull's eye?"

"I am not sure of that," answered Swen. "No man can be sure until he tries. At any rate, I will shoot a cherry stone out of the princess's hand."

Then he told the princess to stretch out her hand and put a cherry stone on it. She would have been glad to escape from this, but the king said, "No. you must do it."

Thereupon she held out her hand and Swen bent his bow. Away flew the arrow and knocked the cherry stone from her hand.

"Ugh!" said the princess, who had become quite red in the face; "that was horrid!"

The king only sat there and smiled. Presently he said, "Well, Swen, what about your sword? You can wield that, too, I suppose, better than any other fighter."

"Who can make that boast?" answered Swen. "Any man may meet his master."

"You are an odd fellow," said the king. "All the others who have been in here have said they could do anything, while you make no boast at all."

"That is nearly true," answered Swen; "but there is one thing of which I do boast. I cannot lie."

"There you lie already," said the king. "Every man lies in a hasty moment."

"Well, that is your opinion," replied Swen. "Stick to it if you like; only let me stick to mine."

After a while the king caught sight of the flute in Swen's coat.

"You play the flute, I see," said he. "You are master of that instrument, I dare say."

"Larks and finches trill better than I," an-

swered Swen. "I can, however, play a bit of a tune."

Swen began to play, and the birds flew in through the open window and perched around to listen. The cat blinked her eyes as much as to say, "Not so bad, not so bad for a needy-looking wretch like that!"

Even the flies on the window pane buzzed softly, in order to hear him. The princess sat with a cherry in her hand and her mouth open, forgetting to pop the fruit in, so charmed was she with the music. When Swen had come to the end of his last trill, the princess said, "It was just like the ice melting, the finches twittering, and the trout dancing in the brook."

"Yes, that was just what I meant it to be," said Swen.

The princess sat there, with eyes tender and wistful, and the king asked, "What do you think of the princess, Swen? Is she not a beautiful young maiden?"

"Yes," answered Swen, "but I have seen handsomer girls."

This made the princess angry. She got up so hastily that she upset the basket of cherries, and

then left the great hall as fast as her small feet could carry her.

III

"You may remain in my service," said the king to Swen. "To-night you shall keep your first watch; now let us go and eat our supper. All this business makes me hungry."

Swen ate and drank to his heart's content. Afterward he went to the king's bed-chamber to keep watch outside the door till daybreak.

"Be sure to stay awake," said the king; "for he who sleeps at his post is a dead man."

The great door leading into the garden was locked. The king took off his crown and gold chains, and laid them side by side on the table before Swen. Then he went into his own apartments, and it was not long before the young guard heard the royal snores disturbing the quiet of the night.

Swen stood like a statue; he feared to sit down lest he should fall asleep. He thought of all sorts of things while the shadows stole across the sky and the stars began to twinkle. As he stood there, he was overcome with a drowsiness the like of which he had never felt before. Sparks danced before his

eyes; his head became as heavy as a cannon ball; he found it quite impossible to keep on his legs. The youth tried hard to fix his eyes on the king's crown, but could not. Once he thought he saw the princess eating cherries and throwing the stones in his eyes.

"Stop that," he cried aloud, and the next moment he was fast asleep.

When he awoke it was early morning. He felt that he had been asleep and looked around in terror. The king's crown and chains had vanished, and what was more, the great door leading into the garden stood wide open.

When Swen saw that the thieves had left the great door open, he knew that he could save his life if he wished. Nevertheless, he stuck to his post, that he might be able to tell what had happened.

Presently the king came out and said, "Good morning, Swen; my crown, please."

"The crown is gone," Swen answered.

"Gone!" shouted the king. "Give me my gold chains, then."

"The chains are gone, too," replied Swen. "I slept like a dog at my post."

"Don't you know that means you are a dead man?" asked the king. "Why did you not escape when the door was open?"

"How could you have got hold of me, then, to chop off my head?" answered Swen. "As it is, I can go with you at once."

At that moment the princess appeared, ready for her morning walk. When she saw the king's angry face, she asked what was the matter.

"Oh, it is only Swen, who has slept at his post. Now we must go and chop off his head," said the king.

Thereupon the princess began to sob and cry and wring her hands. She told the king that it must have happened through some mean trick, for she was ready to swear that Swen could never have slept at his post.

"You mustn't swear to anything of the kind," said Swen, "for if you do, you swear falsely. I slept—there is nothing more to be said."

But just then the king stopped him.

"You are an honest fellow, Swen," he said, "and now I know you cannot tell a lie. I myself put a sleeping-draught in your drink last night, and opened the great door to give you a chance to escape."

"It was a shabby trick of yours, your majesty," said Swen. "You ought by rights to pay me damages for this." He was really very angry by this time.

"Will you marry my daughter?" asked the king.

"Thank you, your majesty, I am greatly obliged!" answered Swen, taking the princess's hand in his.

"You would marry her just as quickly, I suppose, if she were a beggar-maid?" asked the king.

"Well, I am not so sure of that," answered Swen, scratching his head. "It is a fine thing to marry a real, live princess."

So the king had a most gorgeous wedding for Swen and his daughter, and they were all as happy as could be.

"Yet here am I without a thing to give you for a wedding present," said Swen to his bride. "I received only two things from my father. The first was his blessing; that was for me alone, so I cannot give it away. Here is the other—a pair of woolen gloves. These you may have, but you will have to darn them, for there are holes in all the fingers."

—Swedish Tale.

MONDAMIN

I

Long ago when an Indian ᵛwarrior wanted anything very much, he went out into the forest and ᵛfasted. While he fasted, he prayed. Some warriors prayed for greater skill in hunting, some for greater ᵛcraft in fishing, and others for greater glory in battle.

Hiawatha prayed for none of these things. He prayed for something that would help his people—something for the good of the nation.

First he built a lodge of boughs and leaves for fasting. Then for seven days and nights he fasted and prayed in the forest.

On the first day of his fasting, he wandered through the leafy woods. Here he saw the deer, the rabbit, and the squirrel. Here he saw the ᵛpheasant and the flocks of wild geese. But he knew that his people could not always find these for food.

"Master of Life," he cried, ᵛdesponding, "must our lives depend on these things?"

On the second day of his fasting, he wandered by the river's brink. Here he saw the wild rice, the berry and the grape vine.

"Master of Life," he cried, desponding, "must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day, he sat by the lake. He saw the fishes swimming, leaping in the water, but he knew that they could not always be found for food.

"Master of Life," he cried, desponding, "must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day, Hiawatha lay in his lodge exhausted.

Just at sunset he saw a youth coming toward him He was dressed in green and yellow. Plumes of green bent over his forehead, and his hair was long and golden.

He stopped in the doorway and looked at Hiawatha.

Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor ᵛrenown among the warriors,
But for ᵛprofit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

II

Although Hiawatha was faint from fasting, he arose from his bed of branches and wrestled with Mondamin. They wrestled there in the sunset until the heron gave a shrill and lonely cry.

"It is enough," then said Mondamin; "but to-morrow when the sun sets, I will come again to try you."

Three times they wrestled thus together. Then Mondamin said:

"To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting,
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Lay me in the earth and make it

[See p. 66]

A Small Green Feather Shot Slowly Upward

Soft and loose and light above me.
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake and start and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

On the next day Mondamin came at sunset as before. He stood in the doorway and beckoned to Hiawatha. Hiawatha rose, pale and ᵛworn from his fasting, and there in the forest he wrestled for the last time with Mondamin.

As he heard the heron give its shrill and lonely cry, suddenly Hiawatha stood alone, panting with the mighty struggle. And before him lay the body of Mondamin—dead he lay there in the sunset.

And ᵛvictorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his ᵛtattered ᵛplumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose above him.
Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.

But Hiawatha did not forget the grave where Mondamin lay sleeping in the rain and sunshine. Day by day he went to wait and watch beside it.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

And still later, when the autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

—Hiawatha (adapted).

THE FEAST OF MONDAMIN

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike ᵛweapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten,
There was peace among the nations.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize fields, green and shining
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny ᵛtresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

'Twas the women who in springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'Twas the women who in autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Summer passed—
And the maize field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,

And the maize ears, full and shining,
Gleamed from bursting ᵛsheaths of ᵛverdure
Then the men said,
"'Tis the moon when leaves are falling,
All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow."
Then they called the women round them
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the corn fields,
To the husking of the maize ears.
And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking
Found a maize ear red as blood is,
"Nuska," cried they all together,
"Nuska, you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband."

So with merry jest and laughter the corn was gathered in. And loud rang the praises of Hiawatha And loud rang the praises of Mondamin, the friend of man.

—Hiawatha (abridged).

THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry ᵛhoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her ᵛlavish horn!

Let other lands, ᵛexulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our ᵛrugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

Let ᵛvapid idlers loll in silk
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of ᵛsamp and milk,
By ᵛhomespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

And let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MONTH OF MARCH

I

Once upon a time there were two brothers. The elder, named ᵛCianne, was as rich as a lord; the younger, called ᵛLise, was so poor that he had barely enough to live on. But Cianne, although rich in money, was poor in spirit, for he would not have given his brother a penny, even to save his life.

So poor Lise set out to wander over the world seeking his fortune. He wandered on and on until one wet, cold night he came to an inn, where he found twelve youths seated around a fire. When they saw poor Lise shivering and shaking with the

cold, caused not only by the severe season but also by the thinness of his clothes, they pitied him.

"Pray draw up closer to the fire," they said, "and sit with us until you are warm."

"Thank you kindly, that I will," said Lise, and he held out his hands to the bright blaze.

While he was warming himself, one of the young men watched him closely. This man looked gloomy and glum enough to scare anybody. Suddenly he growled out at Lise, "Well, countryman, what do you think of the weather?"

"What do I think of it?" replied Lise. "I think that each month of the year must perform its duty. We, who always want everything our own way, do not look deeply enough into things, to see whether what comes to us is useful or hurtful. So in winter, when it rains and snows, we want the sun of summer; and in August we grumble at the heat and long for the rain. Now, if our wishes came true, the seed would be lost, the crops would be destroyed, and all nature would be turned topsy-turvy. Therefore, let us leave heaven to its own course and each month to its own duty."

"You speak like Solomon," said the youth. "But you cannot deny that this month of March is ill-

natured to send frost and rain, snow and hail, wind and storm, fogs and tempests—all the things which make one's life a burden."

"Why, you are not fair to the poor month," answered Lise. "You tell only of the ills and do not speak of the benefits March yields to us; by bringing forward the spring, it starts all life growing."

The youth was greatly pleased when he heard what Lise said; his face lost its gloom and became bright with happiness, for you must know that this youth was March himself. He questioned Lise only to see whether he would speak good or evil of a month so sad that the shepherds do not like to mention it. March was grateful to Lise for trying to see the good rather than the evil, and to reward him for his kindness, gave him a beautiful casket.

"Take this," he said; "if you want anything, open this box and ask for it. You will immediately see it before you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Lise, and putting the box under his head for a pillow, he went to sleep.

II

The next morning early Lise took leave of the youth and set out on his way. It was windy and

snowy, and poor Lise felt the cold again. "How nice it would be to travel in a litter," he said to himself, and then he suddenly thought of his magic casket.

He opened it and said, "I wish I had a litter lined with cloth and with a fire inside, in which I might travel, warm and snug, through the snow."

No sooner said than done; instantly there appeared a litter with bearers. "Carry me home," Lise commanded, and in great comfort they carried him on his homeward journey.

When he was hungry, Lise opened the little box and said, "I wish something to eat"; and at once there appeared a feast fit for a king.

That evening, on coming to a wood, Lise opened his magic casket and said, "I should like to rest here all night, where this river makes such merry music over the stones." Then there appeared a tent with a couch covered with a soft mattress, warm blankets, and silken robes. When he asked for food, another tent appeared with a table and sideboard, filled with gold and silver dishes, containing the choicest food one could imagine.

After he had eaten a hearty meal, he lay down to sleep. The next morning he opened his box and

said, "I wish to have a handsome dress, for to-day I will see my brother."

No sooner said than done; immediately there appeared a dress of black velvet with edging of red and with lace collar and cuffs, and an embroidered mantle of cloth of gold. When Lise was dressed in these royal robes, he looked quite like a prince.

Cianne, seeing his poor brother arrive in a litter, dressed in all this splendor, hardly believed his eyes.

"How did it happen? Where did you get these sudden riches?" he asked. Lise told him of the youths at the inn and showed him the wonderful present they had given him, but he did not tell Cianne of his talk with the sad-faced youth.

Cianne could scarcely wait to visit the inn. He told his brother to rest at his home, for he must be tired after his long journey. Then Cianne started off in great haste. Soon he arrived at the inn, where, finding the twelve youths, he began to chat with them.

The sad youth asked him the same question, "What do you think of this month of March?"

Cianne made a face and said, "Confound the miserable month! It is the enemy of the shepherds; it gives us colds and sickness of all kinds.

March is such a hateful month that it would be a blessing if it could be dropped from the year."

The youth, who heard himself thus spoken of, controlled his tongue, though his face clouded with anger. He waited until morning. Then, as Cianne was about to depart, he gave him a fine whip, saying, "Whenever you wish anything, cry, 'Whip, give me a hundred,' and you will be rewarded."

"Thank you, thank you," said Cianne, as he started off in haste. "This is a magic whip," he said to himself; "it will give me gold."

III

When he reached his own home, he went into a secret chamber, planning to hide his money, and said, "Whip, whip, give me a hundred!"

Whereupon, the whip gave him more than he bargained for—on his legs, his back and his face, until he screamed so loudly with pain that all in the house heard him. Lise came running to help Cianne, but could not stop the beating until he opened his magic box and commanded the whip to stand still.

"How did this happen?" asked Lise, and Cianne told him the whole story.

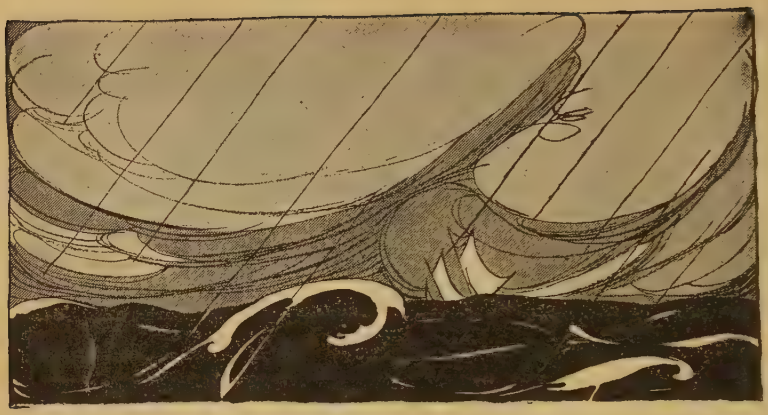
"You well ᵛdeserve the punishment," replied Lise, "and have no one but yourself to blame. You are greedy for gold, and care little how you get it. You do not bridle your tongue, either, and so you never know whom you hurt by it. Let this whipping be a lesson to you to speak well of every one. Good words cost nothing and sometimes bring ᵛprofit."

After these words, Lise put his arm about Cianne and comforted him. "Never mind, brother, do not seek for more than heaven has given you," he said. "I know you were not kind to me when I was poor, but there is wealth enough in my casket for both of us. Let us forget the past and begin anew."

When Cianne heard the offer of his ᵛgenerous brother, he cried out, "Oh! my brother, forgive me for my past unkindness. I truly deserve the gift March gave me; ever after this I will try to live unselfishly."

So the two brothers dwelt together the rest of their days and shared their good fortune. From that time Cianne spoke well of everybody and everything, and saw no evil, for his heart was filled with love.

—Italian Fairy Tale.



HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND

Hark to the shouting Wind!
Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine!
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

—Henry Timrod

THE TURKEY GIRL

I

LONG, long ago, there lived a little Indian girl who was all alone in the world. She had no father or mother; she had no brother or sister; she had no grandmother—there was no one in all the world to be kind to the little girl. The only name she had was Little Turkey Girl.

The little girl lived just outside the village in a lonely hut. All day long she watched the flocks of turkeys, and at sunset she drove them to their pens. For this work she received scraps of food and now and then a wornout garment.

The little turkey girl, who had no one to love, gave all her heart to the turkeys. They, in turn, loved the maiden and obeyed her call. They named her Maiden-mother, but this the girl did not know.

One morning she was driving her turkeys into the fields, when she heard the heralds proclaiming that four days later the dance of the Sacred Bird would be held. Now the little turkey girl had never in all her life been to a dance, or a party of any kind, and she longed to go.

"If only I might go!" she thought. "I have

never been to a party in all my life; but they would not even let me watch the dancing."

All the youths and maidens of the village would be there. She alone could not go. For who would allow such a ragged, dirty little creature as she to enter the place of dancing?

Every day after that, as she drove her turkeys into the fields, the turkey girl saw the people busy with their preparations. She could hear them talking and laughing, and her heart was filled with pain and longing. She talked to her turkeys about it and told them how much she longed to go to the dance, never dreaming that the turkeys understood.

But when the turkeys were alone, they talked to each other about it. The Maiden-mother must go to the dance, they determined. So on the day of the party, the great gobbler spoke to the girl.

"We know thy thoughts, Maiden-mother," he said; "and because thou hast always been so kind to us, we will help thee. Only in thy happiness do not forget us, who still depend on thee. We will make it possible for thee to go to the dance, but thou must promise to return to us before the sun sets. If thou dost keep thy promise, happiness will be thine; if not, misfortune will befall thee."

II

The maiden promised again and again that she would not forget them. Then the old turkeys brushed her clothing until, by their magic power, they turned it from rags into softest doe-skin. Other turkeys produced strings of lovely beads, and soon the little girl stood before them a beautifully dressed Indian maiden.

The little girl once more promised the turkeys to return, and hastened away to the dance, the lightest-hearted maiden in all the land. When she reached the village, every one wondered who the beautiful stranger might be, and all the young Indians invited her to join in the dance.

In dance after dance she sped about, entirely forgetting the patient turkeys waiting for her. The sun grew low in the west, but the maiden thought,

"I shall have time for one more dance."

Before she could understand how it happened, the sun had disappeared behind the forest. Then the maiden rushed from the dance, and being very fleet of foot, was far on her homeward way before the people realized that she was gone.

At last the turkey girl reached the field, but everything was quiet. She called to her turkeys,

but there was no answer except her own echo. Then, looking toward the mountains, she saw the turkeys hurrying away. The maiden hastened after them and came so near that she could hear their song.

"Our Maiden-mother lingers long at the dance," they sang. "She has forgotten us, therefore we go away."

"Come back to me!" she called to them; "come back to me, my turkey children!"

But the turkeys, singing their sad little song, spread out their wings and flew away to the mountains.

The little girl threw up her arms in grief. She was alone now! Her dear turkeys were gone, the only ones in the world who had shown her kindness. Just then she happened to look at her dress. She was in her old soiled rags again! The beautiful doe-skin and the beads had disappeared.

She remembered the words of the turkeys,

"If thou dost keep thy promise, happiness will be thine; if not, misfortune will befall thee."

The little turkey girl went down the mountain, and back into her lonely little hut, where all was empty, dark and cold.

—Zuni Folk Tale.

RHŒCUS

A Greek youth named ᵛRhœcus was idly wandering through a wood one day when he saw an old oak that was about to fall.

"It has been a faithful tree, giving shade and shelter to many," said Rhœcus, "and should not be allowed to fall. I will prop it."

This he did with tender care. Just as he turned to leave the spot, he heard a soft voice murmur, "Rhœcus!" It was as if the leaves had whispered. While he paused, wondering, again the murmur came, "Rhœcus!" This time it was softer than a breeze.

He peered through the shadows of the trees, and lo! coming from the gray old oak, he saw a beautiful fairy.

"Rhœcus," she softly whispered, "I am the ᵛdryad of this tree and with it I am doomed to die. You have helped to prolong its life and mine, and you shall have your reward. Meet me here an hour before sunset and any wish of your heart shall be granted."

As her voice ceased, she vanished, and Rhœcus could see nothing but the dark shadows under the

old oak. With a happy heart, he walked on toward the city, thinking of the gift the dryad would bestow upon him.

On his way he passed a meadow, and some playfellows called him to come and join their game. Rhœcus, who was always ready for fun and frolic, gayly took part and soon forgot all about the dryad and her promise.

Suddenly a yellow bee hummed around his ears as if about to light. Rhœcus cried, "Does it take me for a flower?" and with hasty hand brushed it off.

Again the bee came back—and again. And three times did Rhœcus beat it off with growing rage. Finally the wounded bee flew away toward the mountain. Rhœcus, following its flight with angry eyes, saw the red disk of the setting sun. Then he remembered, and instantly the blood sank from his heart. Without a word, he turned and ran madly over the hills and plains to the dark and gloomy forest.

At last he reached the tree, and listening fearfully, he heard once more, "Rhœcus!" He looked all around but saw nothing except the deepening gloom beneath the oak.

Then softly a voice said, "Oh, Rhœcus, nevermore shall you behold me by day or night. I would have granted the dearest wish of your heart, but you scorned my humble messenger and sent it back with bruised wing. We spirits can be seen only by gentle eyes, and he who harms the least of Nature's work is shut out from all. Farewell! You may never see me more."

Then Rhœcus groaned aloud and cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me this once, and I shall never need forgiveness again. Forgive, and let me see your face."

"Alas!" murmured the voice. "I can forgive, but my face you may not see. Your spirit separates us. Nevermore shall you see me—nevermore!"

The voice died away and Rhœcus heard no other sound. The night had gathered, the stars looked down on him, and the soft breeze swept his cheek. Everywhere was beauty, but in the heart of Rhœcus there was pain. He turned and walked sadly homeward, and every sighing breeze seemed to be whispering, "Nevermore—nevermore."

—Greek Legend.

GOLDENROD

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.

But I am alive in trunk and root;
The buds of next May
I fold away,—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours,
You will see me again,—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith M. Thomas.

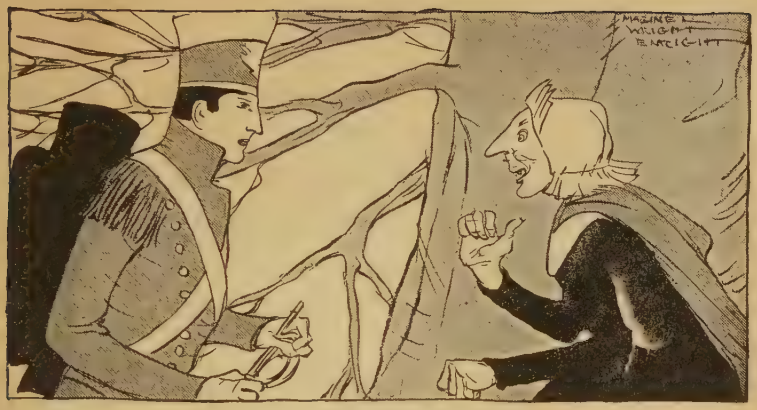
A WONDERFUL WEAVER

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces,
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

—GEORGE COOPER.



THE TINDER-BOX

I

THERE came a soldier marching along the high road—*one, two! one, two!* He had his ᵛknapsack on his back and a ᵛsaber by his side, for he had been in the wars, and now he wanted to go home. On the way he met an old witch, who was very hideous and evil-looking.

She said, "Good evening, soldier. What a fine sword you have, and what a big knapsack! You're a proper soldier, and you shall have as much money as you want."

"How is that, old witch?" asked the soldier.

"Do you see that great tree?" she said. "It is

quite hollow inside. You must climb to the top and there you will see a hole, through which you can let yourself into the tree. I will tie a rope round your body, so that I can pull you up when you call me."

"What am I to do in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," replied the witch. "Listen to me: when you come to the earth under the tree, you will find yourself in a great hall. It is quite light there, for three hundred lamps are burning. You will see three doors; these you can open, for the keys are hanging before them. In the first chamber, you will find a great chest in the middle of the floor. On this chest sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as tea-cups. You need not care for that; I will give you my blue-checked apron to spread on the floor. Pick up the dog and place him on my apron; then open the chest and take as many shillings as you like. They are copper.

"If you prefer silver, you must go into the second chamber. There sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as mill-wheels; but do not care for that. Put him on my apron, and take some of the money. In the third chamber you will find gold. The dog that

sits on the money-chest has two eyes as big as round towers. He is a fierce dog, but you needn't be afraid. Only place him on my apron, and he won't hurt you. Then take as much gold as you like."

"That's not so bad," said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old witch? You are not doing all this for nothing, I fancy."

"No," replied the witch, "but it is not money that I wish. Only bring me an old tinder-box which my grandmother forgot when she was down there last."

"Then tie the rope round my body," he cried.

"Here it is," said the witch. "and here is my blue-checked apron."

The soldier climbed up into the tree, let himself slip down into the hole, and stood, as the witch had said, in the great hall where the three hundred lamps were burning.

He opened the first door. Ugh! there sat the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups, staring at him. "You're a nice fellow!" exclaimed the soldier, as he placed him on the witch's apron. He took as many copper shillings as his pockets would hold, locked the chest, and replaced the dog on it.

Then he went into the second chamber. Aha! there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You should not stare so hard at me," said the soldier; "you might strain your eyes." He put the dog on the witch's apron. When the soldier saw the silver money in the chest, he threw away all the copper money and filled his pockets and his knapsack with silver.

Now he went into the third chamber. Oh, but that was horrid! The dog there really had eyes as big as towers, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

"Good evening!" said the soldier, and he touched his cap, for he had never seen such a dog as that before. He lifted him down to the floor, and put him on the apron; then he opened the chest. Mercy! what a quantity of gold was there! He could buy with it the whole town, the sugar cookies in the bakery, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the whole world.

The soldier threw away the silver coin and took gold instead. His pockets, his knapsack, his boots and his cap were filled, so that he could scarcely walk. Now indeed he had plenty of money.

He put the dog on the chest, shut the door, and then called up through the tree, "Pull me up, witch."

II

"Have you the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"Why, no!" exclaimed the soldier. "I had forgotten that." And he went back for it.

The witch drew him up, and he stood on the high road again, with pockets, boots, knapsack and cap full of gold.

"What are you going to do with the tinder-box?" he asked.

"That's nothing to you," replied the witch. "You have your money; just give me the tinder-box."

"Nonsense!" said the soldier. "Tell me what you're going to do with it, or I'll draw my sword and cut off your head."

"Magic!" said the witch, with a wicked smile.

"You shall not use it for evil!" cried the soldier.

With that he cut off her head. Then he tied up all his money in her apron, took it on his back, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and went straight off toward the town.

That was a splendid town! The soldier put up at the very best inn, asked for the finest rooms, and ordered his favorite dishes, since he was now rich. The servant who cleaned his boots thought them a

very old pair for a rich gentleman, for the soldier had not yet bought new ones. The next day he purchased good boots and handsome clothes.

Now our soldier had become a fine gentleman. The people told him of the splendid things in their city—about the king and the pretty princess, his daughter.

"Where can one see her?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," said they. "She lives in a great copper castle, with many walls and towers round about it. No one but the king may go in and out of it, for the prophecy is that she will marry a common soldier. The king can't bear that and so keeps her hidden!"

"I should like to see her," thought the soldier; but he could not get leave to do so.

He lived merrily, went to the theater, drove in the king's garden, and gave much money to the poor. This last he did because he knew from old times what it means to be without a shilling. Now that he was rich and had fine clothes he gained many friends, who all said he was a true gentleman. That pleased the soldier well, but as he spent money every day and never earned any, he had at last only two shillings left.

He was obliged to leave the fine rooms in which he had dwelt and live in a little garret under the roof. He had to clean his boots for himself, and mend his clothes. None of his friends came to see him; they said there were too many stairs to climb.

One dark evening when he had no light, it occurred to the soldier that there was a candle-end in the tinder-box which he had brought from the hollow tree. He got out the tinder-box and found the candle-end. As soon as he struck the flint, the sparks rose up, the door flew open, and the dog who had eyes as big as tea-cups stood before him.

"What are my lord's commands?" he asked.

"What is this?" cried the soldier. "That's a wonderful tinder-box, if I can get everything I want with it. Bring me some money."

Whisk! the dog was gone, and *whisk!* he was back again, with a great bag full of shillings in his mouth.

The soldier then saw what a splendid tinder-box this was. If he struck it once, the dog who had the copper money came. If he struck it twice, the dog who had the silver came. If he struck it three times, then appeared the dog who had the gold.

The soldier moved back into his fine rooms and

again wore handsome clothes. All his friends returned to him and cared very much for him indeed.

One night he thought to himself, "It is a very strange thing that one cannot see the princess. All say that she is very beautiful; but what is the use of that, if she has to stay in the great copper castle with many towers? Can I not manage to see her?"

Suddenly he thought of his tinder-box. He struck a light, and *whisk!* came the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups.

"It is midnight," said the soldier, "but I should like to have a glimpse of the princess."

The dog was outside the door instantly, and in a few seconds returned with the princess. She lay sleeping on the dog's back. One could see that she was a real princess, for she was so lovely. After the soldier had had a good look at her beautiful face, the dog took her away to the castle.

When morning came, the princess said she had had a strange dream the night before about a dog and a soldier—that she had ridden upon the dog, who had taken her to the soldier.

"That is a strange dream," said the queen, who remembered the prophecy.

That night one of the old court ladies had to watch by the princess's bed, to notice what might happen.

The soldier longed to see the lovely princess again. Again he called the dog, who went for her at once. But the old lady ran after him. When she saw him enter a house, she took a bit of chalk and drew a great cross on the door. Then she went home and waited; soon the dog came back with the princess.

When the dog saw the cross on the door, he, too, took a piece of chalk and drew crosses on all the doors in the neighborhood. That was cleverly done, for now the lady could not find the right door

III

Early in the morning came the king and the queen the old court lady and all the officers, to see where it was the princess had been.

"Here it is!" said the king, when he saw the first door with a cross on it.

"No, my dear husband, it is here!" said the queen, who saw another door with a cross on it.

"But there is one, and there is one!" cried all, for wherever they looked there were crosses on the

doors. They soon saw that they might as well give up the search.

But the queen was an exceedingly clever woman, who could do more than ride in a coach. She took her scissors, cut a piece of silk into pieces, and made a neat little bag. This bag she filled with flour, and tied it on the princess's neck. Then she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the flour would be scattered all along the way which the princess should take.

In the night the dog came again, took the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who now loved her very much and wished to marry her. The dog did not notice how the flour ran out in a stream from the castle to the door of the soldier's house. In the morning the king and the queen saw well enough where their daughter had been, and they took the soldier and put him in prison.

There he sat. Oh, but it was dark and disagreeable there! And at last the jailer told him that he would be hanged the next day.

In the morning the soldier saw through the iron grating of the window the people coming to see him hanged. He heard the drums beat and saw the soldiers marching. All the people were hurrying,

among them a shoemaker's boy with leather apron and slippers. He galloped so fast that one of his slippers flew off and struck the wall near the iron grating where the soldier sat.

"Hello, you shoemaker's boy! you needn't be in such a hurry," cried the soldier to him. "The show will not begin till I come. If you will run to my room and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings, but you must put your best leg foremost."

The shoemaker's boy wanted the four shillings, so he ran for the tinder-box, and—well, we shall now hear what happened.

Outside the town a great gallows had been built, and round it stood the soldiers and many thousand people. The king and the queen sat on a splendid throne opposite the judges and the council.

As they were about to put the rope around the soldier's neck, he said, "Before a poor prisoner suffers punishment an innocent request is always granted him. My request is to be allowed to smoke a pipe of tobacco; it will be the last pipe I shall smoke in this world."

The king could not say "No" to this; so the soldier took his tinder-box, and struck fire! One—

two—three!—suddenly all the dogs stood there—the one with eyes as big as tea-cups, the one with eyes as large as mill-wheels, and the one with eyes like round towers.

"Help me now—that I be not hanged," cried the soldier.

Immediately the dogs fell upon the judges and the council and tossed them all about.

"I won't be tossed about," cried the king; but the biggest dog took him and the queen, and threw them after the others.

Then the soldiers were afraid and cried, "Little soldier, you shall be our king and marry the beautiful princess!"

They put the soldier into the king's coach, and the three dogs darted on in front. The people cried "Hurrah!" The boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper castle and married the soldier. The wedding lasted a week; the three dogs sat at the table, too, and opened their eyes wider than ever at all they saw.

—Hans Christian Andersen.

THE WISE JACKAL

TIME: Morning.
PLACE: A garden near edge of desert.
CHARACTERS: ᵛBrahman, Tiger, Dog, Horse, Jackal.

(Tiger is raging in a strong cage. Brahman comes along.)

TIGER: Let me out of this cage, good Brahman. Oh! do let me out.

BRAHMAN: No! my good friend, I dare not do that. You would eat me if I did.

TIGER: No, indeed! How can you think such a thing? Let me out! Do let me out! I will thank you forever. and I will be your slave.

BRAHMAN: Very good. I will let you out.

(He opens door. The tiger springs out and seizes the man.)

BRAHMAN: Let go! Let go! You are hurting me.

TIGER: Oh, that will soon be over.

BRAHMAN: Soon be over? What do you mean?

TIGER: I mean—that—I—will—eat—you!

BRAHMAN: Eat me?

TIGER: Yes, eat you.

BRAHMAN: You promised to be my slave.

TIGER: I was only joking.

BRAHMAN: But I helped you out of trouble. Is that the way to repay kindness?

TIGER: That is the way of the world. I am no more unjust than men are.

BRAHMAN: Oh, no; that is not true.

TIGER: Yes, it is. I have seen them do as unjust things many times.

BRAHMAN: I don't believe it. Suppose we ask three men if it is true.

TIGER: No, indeed. Why should men decide? They are often foolish, as you know. But I will agree to this; you may ask the first three animals that come by. I will do as they decide.

BRAHMAN: Good! Here comes a dog. Let him decide the case.

(Dog walks up.)

I have a question to put to you, Dog. Is it right that the tiger should eat his deliverer? Is that the way to repay kindness?

DOG: I am sure I don't know. I have served my master faithfully since I was a puppy. I have hunted with him by day and watched over his home by night. Now that I am old and deaf and blind he wishes to kill me. He is

ungrateful, but that is the way of the world.

TIGER: You are right. Nobody else is grateful, and I don't have to be grateful, either. But we will wait for two more animals to come by.

(Dog goes away, and a lame horse comes by.)

BRAHMAN: Horse, I have a question to put to you. Is it right that the tiger should eat his deliverer? Is that the way to repay kindness?

HORSE: I cannot say. I have served my master long and faithfully. I have worked hard for him; but now that I am old and lame, he has turned me out to starve. He is ungrateful, but that is the way of the world.

TIGER: I told you so. Now you have only one more chance.

(Jackal comes by.)

BRAHMAN: Jackal, I have a question to put to you. Is it right that the tiger should eat his deliverer? Is that the way to repay kindness?

JACKAL: What kindness did you show the tiger?

BRAHMAN: I let him out of that cage. He begged me

to do so and said that he would be my slave. Now, he is about to devour me.

JACKAL (*to himself*): This is the tiger that played a mean trick on me. I have a chance to get even with him.

(*Aloud*) I do not understand. Let me see. You were in the cage, and the tiger came by.

TIGER: Pshaw! How stupid of you! I was in the cage, and the man came by.

JACKAL: Yes, yes; of course! I understand now. The tiger stood by the Brahman, and the cage came walking by. No, no, that's all wrong. Well, don't mind me. Go on and eat the man if you must, for I shall never understand!

TIGER (*in a rage*): You shall understand! I'll *make* you understand. Now, look here! I am the tiger. Do you understand that?

JACKAL (*meekly*): Yes, Mr. Tiger.

TIGER: This is the Brahman. Do you understand that?

JACKAL: Yes, yes, Mr. Tiger.

TIGER: And this is the cage. Do you understand that?

JACKAL: Yes, yes, Mr. Tiger.

TIGER: And I was in the cage. Do you understand that?

JACKAL: No, I cannot understand it, and I cannot believe it.

TIGER: Cannot believe it? Why?

JACKAL: I cannot see how you got into the cage. It is such a queer-looking thing. How did you get in?

TIGER: How did I get in? There is only one way to get into a cage.

JACKAL: Dear me! Is there only one way to get into a cage? I did not know that. Please don't fly into a rage, Mr. Tiger, but what *is* the only way to get into the cage?

TIGER (*jumping into the cage*): This way, stupid! This is the only way to get into the cage. Now, do you understand?

JACKAL (*fastening the door quickly*): Oh, yes, I understand perfectly. Come, friend Brahman, our business calls us. We will leave the tiger where he was when you found him.

(And the two walk away.)

—EAST INDIAN TALE.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view ᵛdisplayed,
All meanly wrapped in ᵛswaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the ᵛseraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

—Nahum Tate.

THE ENCHANTED FLUTE

I

THE three kings, ᵛBalthazar, ᵛMelchior, and Gaspard, bearing gifts of ᵛincense and ᵛmyrrh, set out to search for the child Jesus.

As they did not know the road to Bethlehem, they lost their way. After wandering through a dense forest, they came, just at nightfall, to a village. They were weary, hungry and thirsty; so they rapped at the door of the very first house they reached and asked for food and shelter for the night.

This house, or rather hut, belonged to a woodman named Denis, who lived there comfortably enough with his wife and four children.

When the three kings had made their wants known to the woodman, the latter replied, "Alas! my good people, I have only one bed and a cot for my children. As for supper, we can offer you nothing but boiled potatoes and rye bread. However, we will try to accommodate you."

The kings accepted the invitation, ate the coarse fare with relish, and slept soundly in the woodman's bed. The next morning, before starting on their

journey, Balthazar, who was the most generous of the three, said to Denis, "I wish to give you something as a reward for your hospitality. You have been kind to us."

"We gave you the best we had, but we expect nothing in return," replied the woodman, stretching out his hand as he spoke.

"I have no money," said Balthazar; "but I will leave you something better."

So saying, he took from his pocket a little flute, which he handed to Denis. As the woodman seemed to be disappointed, the king added, "If you make a wish while playing on this flute, it will be at once granted. But in your prosperity you must remember that others have wants."

Denis readily promised to be kind to others, but smiled shrewdly as he spoke.

As soon as the three kings had disappeared, Denis turned to look at the little flute in scorn. "They might have given us something better than this," he said to his wife. "For all that, I am going to play on it and see if they have fooled me."

And he called out in a loud voice, "I should like to have white bread and venison steak for breakfast."

Then he played a little air on the flute. Suddenly, to his amazement, there appeared on the table the things he had wished for—the whitest of bread and a delicious steak.

He had now discovered the powers of the flute, and he played on it all the time, asking for everything that came into his head. He asked for new clothes for his wife and children, money, and an ᵛabundantly supplied table. As he had only to wish for a thing to get it, he soon became the richest man in the country. In place of his hut, he built a fine castle, which he filled with costly furniture; and on the day it was finished gave a banquet to ᵛcelebrate the event.

The night of the banquet all the noted people of the village sat around a loaded table, brilliant with glitter and light. At the head sat Denis and his wife, who was ᵛmagnificently dressed, while musicians played sweet music in the ᵛgallery overhead. In order that the merrymaking might not be disturbed, the ᵛhost had given orders to let no beggars into the courtyard on any excuse whatever. He had even posted two strong servants at the gates with clubs, to drive away any one trying to enter. And he told them not to spare their blows.

II

Now, on this very evening, the three kings, having left their gifts at the feet of Jesus, were returning from Bethlehem. When they saw the new castle all aglow with light, Gaspard said to Balthazar, "I am curious to know whether our man has abused the use of his flute, or has kept his promise to be generous to the poor."

"We shall see," replied Balthazar.

The kings then dressed themselves as beggars, and going to the castle, asked for food and lodging for the night. They were received very roughly but they insisted upon entering. Denis put his head out of the window and bade the servants loose the dogs; whereupon the kings went off in haste, not without being bitten.

"I thought as much," grumbled Gaspard, rubbing his ankle.

"He shall not remain long in his castle," replied Melchior. "He shall suffer for this."

They then went away.

Meanwhile the guests continued to make merry. They had just come to the dessert, and Denis was about to cut the huge cake, when the sound of bells was heard in the courtyard below.

Denis put his head out of the window once more, and, seeing several nobles in a chariot drawn by four horses, ordered them shown up in all haste. He even came with a torch to light them up the staircase. When the kings entered, with their crowns and purple robes, he recognized them as his former guests; and, although he was confused, begged them to sit down at the feast.

"Thank you," replied Balthazar, "but we do not care to eat with a man who treats the poor so badly."

"I compliment you on the way you have kept your promise," said Melchior, in his deep voice.

"So you set dogs on beggars!" exclaimed Gaspard, rubbing his leg. "Just wait! I will play you a tune you have not learned yet."

Drawing from his pocket a little flute like that belonging to Denis, he blew on it with great force. In the twinkling of an eye, the guests, tables, and castle vanished. The woodman found himself standing on the edge of the forest before the ruins of his hut, with his wife and children in rags beside him.

"Fortunately, I have my flute left," he thought.

But he searched for it in his ragged pockets in vain; the gift had disappeared with the three kings.

—André Theuriet.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

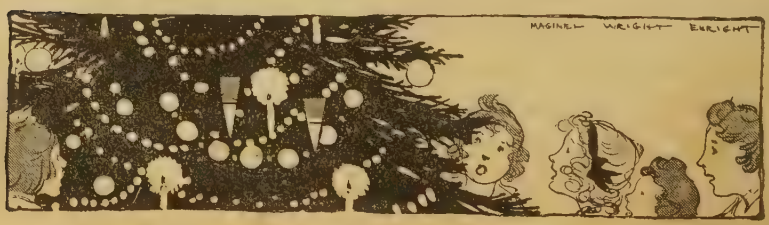
You come from a land where the snow lies deep
In forest glade, on mountain steep,
Where the days are short and the nights are long,
And never a skylark sings a song.

Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
And watched the descent of the brown pine cone?
Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
Where none but the evergreen branches grow?

Dear Tree, we will dress you in robes so bright
That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight;
In glittering balls and twinkling bells
And the star which the glory of Christmas tells;

On every branch we will place a light
That shall send its gleam through the starry night
And the little children will gather there,
And carol their songs in voices fair.

—Mary McHugh.



THE MAGIC FLOWER

ONCE upon a time there lived a wee woman whose bit of a garden was a delight to all eyes.

Such flowers she had! In the midst of them, as green as an ᵛemerald and as smooth as velvet, was a grass plot with never a weed upon it; and through the grass ran a garden walk as white as snow. All who saw it declared there was no prettier garden in the king's country, and what they said was no more than the truth.

Early and late the wee woman worked to keep her garden fair and lovely. In spite of all her cares, however, the east wind frequently brought a whirl of trash from her neighbor's dooryard and scattered it among her flowers.

Alack and alas! What a dooryard was that! Except for the trash that was always upon it, it was as bare as the palm of your hand; and there was a heap of dirt and ashes as high as a ᵛhillock in front of the door. Everybody who passed it turned his eyes away from it, for there was no uglier spot in the king's country.

Whenever the wee woman looked from her window or walked in her garden, she saw the dooryard; and many were the days when she said to herself,

"I wish I were a thousand miles away." If she made up her mind that she would trouble no more about it, the east wind was sure to come with its whirl of trash. Oh, it seemed as if she were always cleaning because of that dooryard!

What to do about it she did not know. She puzzled and planned, she wished and she worked; but she had come to the end of her wits, when one day her fairy godmother called on her.

"Never fret," said the godmother when she had heard the trouble. "In your own garden grows a magic flower that can set things right. If you will only tend it and watch it and wait long enough, you shall see what you shall see."

When the fairy had pointed out the flower, she went on her way, leaving the wee woman much comforted. She tended the flower and watched it and waited to see what she should see; while she was watching and waiting, the flower burst into bloom—the loveliest bloom! Every blossom was as rosy as the little clouds at sunrise, and the wee woman's garden was more beautiful than before.

"'Tis the prettiest garden in the king's country," said all who passed.

But as for the neighbor's dooryard, it was as bare

and ugly as ever. The heap of dirt and ashes grew larger every day; and whenever the east wind blew, it brought its whirl of trash into the wee woman's garden, just as it had always done. The wee woman looked each morning to see if the magic of the flower had begun to work, but morning after morning nothing changed.

"It is long waiting and weary watching for magic things to work," said she to herself. But because of what her fairy godmother had told her, she tended the flower from day to day and hoped in her heart that something might come of it yet. By and by its blossoms faded and fell, and after them came the seed—hundreds and hundreds of feathery seed.

One day the west wind came and blew them away in a whirl over the fence into the neighbor's dooryard. No one saw them go; not even the wee woman knew what had become of them. As for the dooryard, it was as ugly as ever with its ash heap and its trash. Everybody who passed it turned his eyes away from it. The wee woman herself would look at it no longer.

"I will look at the magic flower instead," she said to herself; and so she did.

Early and late she tended the flower and worked

to make her garden fair and lovely, but she kept her eyes from the dooryard. If the east wind blew trash among her flowers, she raked it away and burned it and troubled no more about it.

Summer slipped into autumn and autumn into winter, and the flowers slept; but at the first peep of spring the wee woman's garden began to bud and bloom again. One day as she worked there, with her back to the dooryard, she heard passers-by cry out in delight, "Of all the gardens in the king's country, there are none so pretty as these two!"

When she looked around in surprise to see what they meant, she saw that the neighbor's dooryard was full of flowers—hundreds and hundreds of lovely blossoms, every one as rosy as the little clouds at sunrise. They covered the heap of dirt and ashes; they clustered about the doorstone; they filled the corners. In the midst of them was the neighbor, raking as busily as if she were the wee woman herself.

"'Tis fine weather for flowers," said she, nodding and smiling at the wee woman.

"The finest in the world," agreed the wee woman. And she nodded and smiled back, for she knew that the magic flower had done its work.

—Maud Lindsay.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

A GENTLEMAN once advertised for a boy to help him in his office, and nearly fifty boys applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he—in a short time—selected one, dismissing the rest.

"On what ground did you select that boy?" asked a friend. "He had not a single letter of recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he entered, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, showing that he was orderly; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing.

"When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed, his nails clean. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do. What I learn about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters of recommendation he can bring me."

ANTONIO CANOVA

I

MANY years ago there lived in a little Italian village a happy stonecutter whose name was ᵛPisano. He was poor, as stonecutters usually are, but he was a skillful workman, and his good humor made him a general favorite with young and old.

Pisano had a little grandson whose name was ᵛAntonio Canova. Antonio's father was dead, and the little boy lived with his grandfather. Since he was not a strong lad, he did not play much with the other boys of the village. He spent most of his time in the shop where his grandfather worked with ᵛchisel and hammer on the great blocks of stone. Sometimes he, too, would take the tools and chip away at a slab of stone which had been cast aside.

Sometimes he would take a great lump of clay and would try to copy the statue or ᵛornament which Pisano was making from stone. He often succeeded ᵛremarkably well in this attempt, and the grandfather would be greatly pleased. The old man would pat him on the shoulder and say, "Good for you, Antonio; you will be a great ᵛsculptor some day."

The grandfather was too poor to send the boy to an art school, but he taught him all that he knew of drawing and ˇsculpture. When Antonio grew older, he helped his grandfather ın the shop. At night his grandmother read poetry to him and told him wonderful stories. Some of these stories he would work out in clay during his free hours.

It happened that a rich man, Count ˇFaliero, had a country home near the village where Antonio lived. At certain seasons the count would visit his country place and bring some of his distinguished friends with him. He was a lover of art and had in his home many fine paintings and beautiful statues. Sometimes the count would give a great dinner to his guests, and extra servants would be employed to help serve the banquet. At such times old Pisano was hired to assist in the cooking, and little Antonio helped to wash the pots and pans.

On one of these occasions, there was a larger company than usual, and a beautiful table was set for dinner. Everything was ready, and in an hour the dinner would be served. Suddenly there was a great crash in the banquet room. A ˇplaster statue, which was to be the chief ornament of the table, had fallen and broken into a hundred pieces.

The butler was in great distress.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "The ugly vacant space in the center of the table will spoil the whole effect. Everything depended on the statue. What will the count say?"

The other servants only repeated the question as they looked at the pieces of the broken ornament.

II

While they stood helpless, Antonio Canova left his pans and timidly approached the butler. "If you had another statue, could you arrange a pretty table?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the man; "if it were the right size for the space."

"Then if you will let me try," Antonio said modestly, "I think I could make something that would do."

The servants all laughed.

"Impossible!" cried the butler. "Who are you who think you can make a statue in an hour?"

"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano, the stonecutter," answered the boy.

"Let him do what he can," urged a servant who knew Antonio.

Since nobody suggested any other way to replace the broken statue, the boy was allowed to try.

There was in the pantry a large cube of butter which had just been brought in from the dairy. Taking a knife, Antonio began to cut and carve the butter with all his skill. Within a brief time there appeared the likeness of a great crouching lion, which the butler joyfully placed in the vacant space in the center of the table.

"The lion is much better than the statue which was broken," said he.

In the company at dinner that day were some of the most distinguished men of Italy—among them many lovers of art like the count. When they entered the dining room, the first thing to meet their eyes was the yellow, crouching lion on the table.

They exclaimed in delight, "What a beautiful work of art! Only a great artist could make that. How odd that he should have molded the figure in butter, which must so quickly melt!"

They asked the count for the artist's name, but he was as ignorant as they. Turning to the butler, he inquired who had made the lion.

"It was done only an hour ago by a little kitchen boy by the name of Antonio Canova."

"Send for him," said the count.

The boy came timidly into the distinguished company.

"Antonio," said Count Faliero, "this piece of work is one of which a great artist might be proud. Who was your teacher?"

"I have had no teacher except my grandfather, Pisano, the stonecutter," answered the boy. "He has let me work in the shop."

Antonio was given a place at the table and the banquet became a celebration in his honor. The guests did more than praise his work; they placed him under the best art teachers in Italy. The boy who had worked hard to be a village stonecutter became a member of the count's household and studied with the best sculptors of Venice.

Antonio was not spoiled by his good fortune, but remained a simple, earnest boy and worked just as hard in Venice as he had done in the shop at home. He learned to chisel marble even more skillfully than he had molded the butter lion. When he died, he was one of the most celebrated sculptors of all time.

—W. K. Tate.

HANS ANDERSEN

I

I AM sure you would like to know something about the man who wrote "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Tinder-Box," and most of all about his boyhood.

Hans Andersen's first home was not at all like the palace of his fairy tales. In fact it was only a poor cobbler's room, so small that quite half of it was taken up by the big bed on which the baby lay, while the other half had to serve for workshop, kitchen, and dining room.

As soon as he grew old enough to toddle out by himself, Hans brought home all the wild flowers he could find. With their dear faces smiling at him, he thought this room the loveliest home in all the world.

In the evening he was tucked away in the big bed, and the cotton curtains were drawn round it. There he lay wide awake and perfectly contented, listening to the tapping of the shoemaker's hammer, and the busy life going on in the room.

"How good and quiet he is, the blessed child!" said his mother, peeping in through the curtains to see if he were asleep, and finding him with wide-open eyes, smiling happily to himself.

That must have been the beginning of the fairies' work, for they certainly kept him happy and amused all through his babyhood.

Little Hans's father was, as we have seen, a cobbler, but he was not very skilled at his trade. Instead of mending shoes, he was much fonder of building castles in the air, or reading the books which lay on the shelf close to the window where he worked.

He found plenty of time to make toys for his little son, and Hans was the happy owner of a mill that worked while the miller danced, a toy theater,

and all kinds of pictures that changed into different shapes when they were pulled by a string.

This was not the best way to make money, however, and the cobbler did not grow rich. He made only a bare living for his family.

Hans Andersen's wisest friend was his old grandmother, who lived close by and came every day to see him. All the nice old grandmothers in his fairy tales are just like that grandmother of his. She was always cheerful and kindly and very wise, with a tiny bent figure and the sweetest of blue eyes.

Whenever she came, she brought Hans a bunch of flowers, and he would climb up to the top of the chest and arrange them in the glasses that stood there. He had wonderful hands for arranging flowers, and he used to say, "Flowers know very well that I am fond of them. Even if I were to stick a peg into the ground, I believe it would grow."

The old people who lived near the cobbler's house were fond of him, and he liked to go to see them and tell them all the things he knew. They often nodded their heads and said, "What a clever child it is!"

Then in return they would tell him all sorts of stories which they had heard when they were chil-

dren. These Hans carefully stored up in his mind, to tell to other children years afterward.

Although the old people were fond of Hans, he was always a lonely child and never had any one of his own age to play with. Even when he went to school, he never played games with the other boys. They were so rough that they frightened him, and he was much happier sitting by himself and dreaming his dreams.

At school Hans was charmed to find a little girl, whom he thought much nicer than the rough boys and with whom he tried to make friends. The little girl told him that she wanted to learn arithmetic, so that she might some day be a dairy-maid at a great castle.

Hans drew a splendid castle on his slate and told her it was the picture of his very own castle, where she should be dairy-maid some day. "For you know," he said, "I am really a great nobleman, and the castle belongs to me, but when I was a baby the fairies came and took me out of my cradle and carried me off to the cobbler's cottage."

He thought his new friend would love his make-believe stories, just as the old people did, but the little dairy-maid looked at him coldly. She did

not believe in fairies at all, and she thought that Hans was not telling the truth, or that he was quite foolish.

Poor Hans never tried to tell any more tales after that, but he went on dreaming them all the same. He was always in disgrace and seldom knew his lessons, and the school-master did not feel less angry when the boy presented him with large bunches of wild flowers. The flowers were beautiful, but they could not make up for idleness. At last Hans left school and did not return—an act that he was bitterly to regret in after years.

II

More and more Hans was left to himself. By this time he was eleven years old, and was fast growing into a long, ˇlanky, queer-looking lad, with a face that was almost comical in its ugliness. If ever there was an Ugly Duckling, it was Hans Andersen. All the other boys laughed at him, teased him, chased him away, and shouted after him, until the poor ˇawkward child longed to run away and hide himself from the cruel world.

No one understood him; no one knew all the wonderful things of which he dreamed and the great things that he meant to do. He had begun to read

Shakespeare, and had made up his mind to be a famous writer of plays.

When it was discovered that Hans Andersen thought he could write plays, the boys made all the more fun of him. "There goes the play-writer," they cried, and tormented him cruelly.

Hans had a dim idea that the educated people would understand him better and treat him more kindly; and, indeed, one or two of the great families took an interest in the cobbler's son. It amused them to hear him recite whole plays from memory, and to see the poetry he tried to write. He was curiously clever in some ways, but what could be done with a boy who had left school almost as ignorant as when he entered? He was a puzzle to all who knew him.

And now it was time for Hans to set to work in earnest. His mother did not know what to do with him, but he had determined to go away to Copenhagen to make his fortune.

"One goes through a frightful lot of hardships first," he explained, "and then becomes famous."

So the Ugly Duckling set out to see the world, quite certain that he was going to live happily ever afterward, as the fairy tales say.

He little guessed all that lay before him, how truly "frightful" those hardships were to be. All that he had ˇneglected to learn had still to be learned. He was to suffer hunger and cold and bitter want; and, like the Ugly Duckling, was to be driven away, laughed at, despised and ˇpersecuted.

But the beautiful ending to the fairy tale was to be his, too. Hans Andersen, the queer, awkward boy, was to become Hans Andersen, the ˇauthor, whose thoughts and dream-pictures made him famous throughout the world. With his golden key he unlocked for all children the gates of fairyland.

Like the swan who had once been the Ugly Duckling, he now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it helped him to enjoy far more all the pleasure and happiness around him.

At the end, Hans Andersen forgot all the hardships and sorrows of his life, and remembered only the beautiful things. He kept always the sunny heart of a child, so that he could say when he came to the close of his own fairy tale, "Oh, how happy I am! How beautiful the world is! It is just as if I were sailing into a land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow."

—Amy Steedman.

JENNY LIND

I

Once upon a time, there was born in the city of ᵛStockholm a baby girl who possessed as magic a gift as any princess in the fairy tales of Hans Andersen.

At the time this baby was born Hans Andersen was a boy of fifteen. All the beautiful fairy tales were then in his head; it was in after years that he put them into words.

Jenny Lind, of course, was not really a fairy princess, nor indeed a princess at all. She was only a little ᵛSwedish girl, born in a poor home in Stockholm, where no one gave her a very warm welcome. Her young father could not earn enough money for himself and his wife, and now there was another mouth to fill!

Even the baby's mother did not feel especially glad at the coming of her little daughter. The poor woman had to work hard. She kept a day-school for other people's children, and a child of her own was rather in the way. Nobody guessed that the baby had a magic gift which was to bring fame and fortune.

She was just a little unwelcome baby, christened very grandly Johanna Maria, but known always by the simple name of Jenny. Life was to be full of changes for little Jenny, and she was soon sent off to live in the country in charge of an organist and his wife. This couple took good care of the adopted baby, and for four years Jenny lived a country life and was as happy as the day was long.

She was a real child of the woods and meadows, liking nothing so much as rolling on the grass, picking wild flowers and listening to the song of the birds. Birds and flowers seemed to have a special message for her, and she loved them with a love that never changed through all her changing life.

At the end of four years the little maiden exchanged the country for the town. Her mother quarreled with the organist and carried Jenny back to Stockholm.

Everything was strange to the child in the big town. She did not like the many people and the city noises, so frightening and ugly. She wished herself back in the woods listening to the birds.

Then suddenly she discovered that town sounds, too, might sometimes be pleasant; every morning as the soldiers marched up the street, they made

music on their bugles. The tune they played went singing on in Jenny's head all day long, just as the music of the birds used to do in the green woods.

One day when the soldiers' tune still rang in her head, the child crept up to the piano, which had been left open for her step-sister Amelia to practise. She began softly to pick out the military air.

"Amelia, is that you practising?" cried out the old grandmother, who was passing.

No answer came, but the music stopped at once. The grandmother looked into the room. There stood the square piano, but no one was to be seen near it. This was very strange. The old woman rubbed her eyes and looked again.

She was sure that she had heard some one playing. Amelia might be hiding, perhaps, so in she came and poked behind chairs and table. At last she caught sight of a tiny figure crouching under the square piano; and stooping down, she dragged out a very frightened and very dusty little Jenny.

"Child," said her grandmother, "was that you playing?"

Jenny caught her breath with a great sob and confessed that she had tried to play the piano without permission. The grandmother looked down

at the tiny child with amazement and almost with awe. She scarcely believed that Jenny could have made that music. Already she caught a glimpse of the magic gift, which no one before had guessed that the child possessed.

"Mark my word," she said afterward to Jenny's mother; "that child will bring you help."

Help was sorely needed. The school the mother kept was not a success, and after a few years she was obliged to give it up. Then Jenny changed her home once more.

II

The steward, or gate-keeper, of the House of the Widows, where Jenny's grandmother had found a home, had no children, and wished to adopt a little girl. This seemed the very thing for Jenny. It was a comfortable, happy home for the child, and she was able to see her grandmother, whom she loved.

All this time the spirit of music grew with the child's growth, and she could no more help singing than the birds in the trees. "As a child, I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made," she said many years afterward.

The little singing maiden, hopping about the quiet

Widows' Home, must have seemed like a bird shut up in a rather gloomy cage. Jenny, however, was quite happy. As long as she might sing to herself, she was never lonely. Then, too, she had for company her cat with the blue ribbon round its neck. She loved the cat with all her heart.

A window in the steward's house looked down on a busy street. Here, on the broad window-seat, Jenny used to curl herself up, with the cat sitting opposite, and sing to her heart's content.

The by-passers, when they heard the child's voice, would pause and look up. They half expected to find a bird-cage hanging there, but, instead, all that was to be seen was a round-faced little girl and a solemn cat with a blue ribbon round its neck.

Among the people who passed to and fro under the window of the steward's home was the maid of a singer at the Royal Theater. This woman could not forget the sound of the child's voice. She thought of it so often that at last she told her mistress of the little girl in the window who sang to her cat.

It seemed a very pretty tale, and the lady began to think that she, too, would like to hear the child

with the bird-like voice. She bade her maid find out who the little girl was and ask if the child might come and sing to her.

There was nothing very fairy-like about Jenny in those days. She herself tells us that she was a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, undergrown girl; but when she stood before the lady who had sent for her and began to sing, the magic of her music cast a ˇspell.

"The child is a ˇgenius!" cried the lady. Then turning to Jenny's mother, who had come with her, she said, "You must have her ˇeducated for the stage."

Jenny's mother, however, would not hear of such a thing, and the old grandmother, too, shook her head when she was told. They disliked the stage, and thought it would be an evil life for the little girl.

"Very well, then," said the lady; "you must at any rate have her taught singing."

There could be no ˇobjection to this, and after talking it over, Jenny's mother set out with a letter of introduction in one hand and her little daughter's hand in the other, to see the singing-master at the Royal Theater.

The broad flight of steps which led to the theater

was grand and almost frightening. As the woman and child climbed it the mother's heart failed her. She hesitated, ready to turn round and go home.

But an eager little hand was dragging her forward, and Jenny begged her to come on. Half unwilling, the mother allowed herself to be pulled along until she reached the room of the singing-master. She knocked timidly at the door.

The singing-master listened kindly to what she had to say. Then he bade Jenny sing one of her songs for him, more out of kindness than because he expected to find any talent in the homely child.

But the moment the song began all was changed. The magic of her voice wove its wondrous spell, and the tears gathered in the master's eyes as he listened to the pure, fresh notes. When she had finished, he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"You must come with me," he said, "to the manager of the theater. We will show him what a treasure we have found."

III

The manager was not at all inclined to think that Jenny was a treasure, and he frowned when he looked at the shy, plain little girl.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"Nine years old," said the singing-master.

"Nine!" exclaimed the manager. "This is not a nursery; it is the king's theater."

He looked quite crossly at the small figure standing there. A child of that age was only fit to be kept in a playroom; what was the use of troubling a busy man with such foolishness?

"Well," said the singing-master, "if you will not hear her, then I myself will teach her for nothing. She will one day astonish you."

Indeed, she had already begun to astonish the manager. He thought that the commonplace child must have great talent if the singing-master was willing to teach her without any payment. At any rate, he decided to allow her to sing for him, that he might judge for himself.

Jenny sang one of the songs she had sung to the cat when they sat together in the sunny window, and once again the spell worked. She always forgot her shyness when she began to sing, and her whole face was changed and shone like that of an angel.

The manager could scarcely see the plain little singer because of the tears that filled his eyes and

rolled down his cheeks. Here was a treasure indeed! Such a singing-bird must not be allowed to escape; and it was at once arranged that Jenny should be educated and taught to sing at the expense of the government.

The shy little bird now began her training, which was to lead to such a world-wide success. She was scarcely ten years old when she began to act at the Royal Theater, but her acting was almost as full of charm as her singing.

It might be thought a strange life for a child, and Jenny saw much evil around her, but she grew up like a daisy, with gold at the heart of her.

Even when the world began to ring with the fame of this wonderful "nightingale," and kings and queens begged her to come and sing to them in their palaces, Jenny Lind, through it all, remained like the princess in the fairy tale. She was as good as gold, unspoilt and simple, with the manners of a queen, the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel.

—Amy Steedman.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou—
The fairest spot of all creation
Under the arching blue—
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown bare feet and hat brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and I sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water-lilies, bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees,
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee:
I longed for no angel's wing;
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart;
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

HOW TWO GEORGIA BOYS KEPT SCHOOL

"MANY years ago when I was a boy, schools were far fewer than they are now and nothing like so good," the old man began. His eyes showed that he was thinking of the distant past.

"How did you get your education, then?" asked the boy.

"I got it because I made up my mind to have it," the old man answered. "My brother Dave and I agreed that we'd have a better education than we could get at the school we attended; it was not a good school such as all you boys have nowadays.

"Dave was sixteen years old and I was fourteen. We got the notion somehow that to be ripe scholars we must learn Latin, a branch of which our late teacher knew nothing. There was nobody in the neighborhood able to teach us, and we were puzzled as to what to do.

"One day after we had been talking the matter over for some time, Dave suddenly cried out, 'Why can't we teach ourselves, Dan? I believe we can do it, if we start right, study hard, make good rules and stick to them.' The same idea had been slowly gathering in my own mind and I agreed at once."

"How did you start?" asked the boy.

"Well, with our own little money we had saved we bought a Latin Grammar and a Sacred History in Latin; and on the holidays we got from the farm work, we kept school in a corn-house behind the horse lot. At the school we attended whenever father could afford to send us, we had picked up a good deal of English grammar; and it surprised and delighted us to find that the rules of grammar are much the same for both languages. The task was less difficult than we had expected.

"We said nothing about our plan for some time. When mother found it out, she begged father to increase our holidays so that we might have more time for Latin. At first he refused, saying that it was mere nonsense for us to try to teach ourselves a language we knew nothing whatever about, but finally he yielded. Although the work on the farm was pressing, he agreed to give us Tuesday and half of Thursday, in addition to Saturday, which we already had. These holidays were to continue if we learned anything of Latin; otherwise, they were to stop."

"How did you manage to study without a teacher?" the boy asked.

The old man smiled and stroked his beard. "Dave and I made an agreement," he said, "that the discipline in our school was to be just as strict as in other schools. We were to give and take long lessons, and learn them. If we didn't know our lessons, we were to keep and be kept in at dinner time and in the evening, and to make and be made to get the lesson over until we knew it to each other's satisfaction."

"That must have been hard to do," the boy said. "Didn't you quarrel sometimes?"

"No more than is usual between brothers of nearly the same age," the old man replied; "and not as much as we had quarreled before we set up our joint undertaking. The solemn understanding was that neither of us should rebel or complain against the other. We did something better than quarrel. We whipped each other."

"What!" said the boy.

"Yes, we punished each other in turn. Dave would be teacher one day and I would be the pupil. Next day I would be the teacher and Dave the pupil. Each teacher whipped his pupil whenever he thought it necessary. No tapping, either. Dave kept his hickory and I kept mine; he laid it on the

day he was teaching, and I laid it on the next day. Sometimes we had to rub our shins when the punishment was a little too severe, but we didn't break our rule—didn't even question it.

"Punishment was needed only the first few weeks of the session. The interest we took in our work soon made that kind of discipline unnecessary. In three months' time we got through the Sacred History—the Bible helped us there—and before the year was out we were reading other Latin books. What do you think of it?"

"It was wonderful!" said the boy, deeply interested.

"No, there wasn't anything wonderful about it," the old man answered. "Many a poor lad who couldn't afford to go to school has done better than Dave and myself. It only shows what a boy of average sense can do in the way of finding opportunities for education, if he'll only search for them instead of growling because fortune does not bring them to him unasked."

—Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE TRUEST COURAGE

I

A BROAD white road separated Marrowbone and Lone Point; and it also separated two families that led widely different lives.

Marrowbone, where Jack Randolph lived, was a big farm in Virginia lying on one of the broad rivers that make in from Chesapeake Bay. Lone Point was a mere strip of sand, containing three lonely pine-trees and the little frame cottage where the Widow Scaife and Tony lived their quiet lives.

Marrowbone had once been a splendid place, but it had never quite recovered from the war. There were large stables and ᵛkennels in a tumble-down condition, graveled walks overgrown with weeds, and a garden which had long been nothing but a ᵛtangle of mock-oranges, roses and lilacs. The big house itself, however, was comfortable enough, and there lived Jack Randolph, his mother and his grandfather, Colonel Marmaduke Randolph, a fine old gentleman with fine old-fashioned manners.

Jack's mother was a tall, slight woman, who wore black in memory of Jack's father, and was the sweetest of mothers. Jack not only loved her with

all his boyish soul, but he admired her as well, for she knew all about poetry and history and could play on the piano and sing beautiful songs. She helped Jack with his Latin and arithmetic, and in fact knew more than the school-teacher himself.

Colonel Randolph sometimes scolded Jack for small faults, but the boy did not greatly mind this. What he feared was his mother's displeasure. The few times in his life he had done mean or shabby things, he had a painful recollection of that displeasure. Her punishments commanded Jack's respect, because they were unusual and showed how dear to her were honesty and fair play.

Jack went to an academy near Marrowbone, where he studied Latin, mathematics, history and other things. He was backward in mathematics, but did well in English and history. It was the ambition of his life to go to West Point and become an officer in the United States Army.

The Scaifes, in the shabby cottage at Lone Point, were strangers from a strange land, and when the widow offered to buy the little point of sand from Colonel Randolph, no one knew anything about them except that they came from New England. Tony was a fisherman in summer and an oysterman

in winter, and but for him the poor widow in the cottage would have had a hard time to make a living. Mrs. Scaife was a quiet, gentle woman, who kept her affairs to herself and taught Tony the lesson of the poor—to suffer and say nothing about it.

Tony had no old grandfather to scold him and spoil him, and he had no time for history and mathematics. His mother did not help him with his school lessons, for he had no lessons; but in the long winter evenings he would curl himself up on the lounge near the fireplace and work away manfully at his spelling-book and grammar.

The friendship between Tony and Jack began in an unusual way. One bright September morning Jack got in his boat, the "*Undine*, and started for a sail down the river. The boat was long and narrow, and carried a sail large enough for two boats its size. It had an unfortunate habit of turning over when the wind was fresh; but this was not the boat's fault so much as Jack's, for he always kept the sail up until the very last moment. He had had several rather narrow escapes when the boat turned over, but they had not taught him the necessity of taking down his sail before the white caps showed on the bay.

On this September day Jack sailed along gayly enough until he came to Lone Point. The sun was shining brightly; but just ahead of him, across the broad bay, a shadow was moving over the green water and turning it black as it rose in waves.

"That's a ˇsquall," thought Jack. But he decided that it was not yet time to take down the sail.

Just then the squall struck him. The sail flapped wildly, then bent until it touched the water. The boat gave a sudden lurch, and Jack caught hold of the mast. Over went the boat, and an instant later Jack found himself drenched to the bone and half drowned, but holding fast to the ˇkeel.

The boat was drifting toward the shore at Lone Point. It might strike against the sand and stop; it might go on out into the bay. Meanwhile, all that Jack could do was to hold on and wait.

Presently he saw Tony Scaife standing in the water, with his trousers rolled up; he had just come in from looking at his fish-nets. Tony waded out toward the boat as far as he could. The long steering-rope floated on the water near by, and he managed to catch hold of it. Another moment and Jack was on the shore, very wet but otherwise all right. Tony helped him haul the boat up.

II

Then the trouble began.

"Why didn't you take your sail down when you saw the squall coming?" asked Tony.

"Because I wasn't afraid," answered Jack, coolly.

"That doesn't mean being afraid," said Tony, with equal coolness. "It's common-sense."

Jack took fire at this.

"Mind your own business," he snapped.

"I do mind my business," Tony replied; "but I thought to myself when I saw you with the sail up and that squall coming across the bay, 'That fellow isn't fit to be trusted in a boat by himself.'"

Jack stared at Tony. No other boy had ever talked to him that way. He had a very good opinion of his ᵛability to manage boats and take care of himself.

"Look here!" said Jack, scornfully. "I don't need fisher-boys to tell me what to do. Keep your mouth shut."

Jack was much larger than Tony, though only a year older, but almost as soon as the words were spoken, Tony was on him. Neither wasted any time in talk, and presently they were rolling over on the sand together, fighting ᵛdesperately. Tony

showed unexpected strength, but Jack was too much for him. It took about five minutes for Tony to be whipped thoroughly. Then Jack let him up.

But though Tony had been beaten, his spirit was unbroken, and he was as ᵛsturdy in defeat as in victory—which, after all, is the only real courage.

"You're bigger than I am," gasped Tony, looking Jack straight in the eye; "but if you were my size I would have given you a good licking."

Jack jumped at him for this. Tony was too quick, however. With a sudden jerk, he laid Jack sprawling on the sand and was well out of reach before the larger boy could get up.

It was about two o'clock when the *Undine* was tied up at Marrowbone Wharf. Jack came ᵛswaggering up to the house to tell his adventures to his mother. Mrs. Randolph sat on the broad porch shadowed by the tree branches and heard Jack through without a word.

Then she said, very quietly, "So, after the boy pulled you ashore and helped you with the boat, you spoke rudely to him?"

"Y-yes'm," answered Jack, surprised.

"And you whipped him, though you are twice as big?"

"Yes'm," Jack answered again in a low voice. The true view of his conduct began to dawn on him.

"Then," said Mrs. Randolph, rising, "go upstairs at once. Change your clothes and walk over to Lone Point. Ask for Tony and make the best apology you can for your unmanly conduct. Go into the cottage and ask his mother's pardon for fighting on her land; and when you come home, I shall have something further to say to you."

Jack looked at his mother in wonder. There was no trifling with her; besides, it came home to him how mean his conduct had been. Without a word he went to his room and returned in ten minutes, dressed in dry clothes.

"Mother," he said, "you are right. I promise you that I'll never do such a thing again as long as I live."

His mother said nothing. She was not often displeased with him, but when she was, she did not quickly forgive. Jack set off with a weight of shame on his heart.

When he reached Lone Point, he found Tony sitting on the little porch mending his nets, while his mother sewed on a ragged sail. Tony was silent.

He felt keenly how he had been treated, and being a very human kind of boy, longed to be large enough to whip Jack Randolph. Jack, with flushed and guilty face, walked up the narrow path to the small porch. As he reached the foot of the low, rickety steps, he took off his hat with a bow.

"How do you do, madam?" he said. "I believe you are Mrs. Scaife."

The poor widow was not used to being spoken to so formally.

"Yes," she said, rising in ᵛembarrassment. "I am Mrs. Scaife."

"I'm Jack Randolph," continued Jack, still with his hat off. "I came to ask your pardon for fighting on your land. I know it was ungentlemanly and I feel very badly about it. So does my mother. I hope you will overlook it."

The widow glanced at Tony. He had told her of the fight, and it hurt her that this tall, ᵛstalwart youth should have beaten her own boy, who was so small for his age. She remained silent, while the flush on Jack's face grew deeper. He turned to Tony, who had stopped working on his nets and was looking straight in front of him.

"I hardly know what to say to you," Jack said.

"GO UPSTAIRS AT ONCE"

"You pulled me ashore and helped me with the boat, and you didn't say or do anything, and I'm bigger than you, and I behaved like a bully—and a coward—and I'm ashamed of myself. I came here to tell you so and to ask you to overlook it."

A queer expression came in Tony's blue eyes.

"I don't think you are a coward," he said; "I think you are a pretty brave fellow." The two boys shook hands.

The widow's eyes filled with tears. "I thought hard of you before you came," she said; "but now I know you are a real man, and I forgive you. I hope Tony does, too."

"Yes," said Tony. "Come down here some morning and we'll go fishing together."

The two boys dropped into a talk about fishing and were soon on good terms. Mrs. Scaife went into the house and brought back a pail of buttermilk and some crackers, which the boys ate together as if they had never thought of quarreling. Before Jack went away, he made Tony promise to come over and take supper with him the next evening.

That is how the famous friendship of Jack Randolph and Tony Scaife began.

—Molly Elliot Seawell.

WAS HE A COWARD?

I

What are you youngsters chattering about? The new boy? What's the matter with him? He's a coward, is he? Come, come! None of that! I don't allow that kind of talk in my tent. I won't have any one called a coward till I know he is one. This boy has been with the circus only two days, and may be worth all the rest of you put together for aught I know. Have you all done your practising? Well, then, you may sit down and rest a bit and I'll tell you why I won't have a new boy called a coward. It's because I called a boy by that name once when he didn't deserve it.

You see, I was brought up in the ring, as you may say. Father was the best bareback rider in the country. I began when I was two years old as the Elfin Fay, riding on father's shoulders. I liked it, too, and never was frightened, mother says, from the very first. By the time I was five, I could ride any horse except the kickers, and was doing as well in tumbling as most of you are now. So it went.

Well, at fourteen I was as game a little youngster as you could find. There was hardly anything I

couldn't do, and father was beginning to talk about my succeeding him in the bareback line, though I took more naturally to tumbling, which was what I seemed built for. But there! I thought I was every one, and all the rest besides. I'd been praised up, you see, and called a little wonder, ever since I was knee-high to a mosquito, and I believed every word, and a little more, too.

Now I'm coming to my story. A new boy came one day to learn tumbling, just as you are doing. He was a slim, lanky fellow, with big blue eyes and a white face; he looked half starved, and had been, I guess. Well, he was too old for tumbling, or his head was weak, or something was the matter. Anyhow he couldn't tumble any more than a hen could. Said it made him sick. No, you needn't laugh yet, boys; wait a bit. My father tried him at riding; but he couldn't ride any more than—well, I don't know what to call it. I do believe a fire-shovel could ride better than that boy.

As soon as the horse started, he would turn as white as a sheet, and in five minutes he'd fall off. I used to stand and watch him and laugh; and sometimes I would give the horse a wink or a whistle and make him cut up just for fun. One day I did this,

and the boy caught hold of the horse's mane with both hands—he did, as sure as I live!—and sang out, "Don't! don't! I can't bear it!"

"Coward!" says I. "Look at the coward!" He gave me a queer glance, slipped off the horse and ran away to the stable.

Well, father found he was of little use at riding, so he set him to feeding the horses; thought he might groom them if he couldn't ride them. He did pretty well at that, but he was everlastingly hanging around the menagerie, looking at the wild animals. The minute his work was done, he'd be about the cages, watching first one and then the other. He never spoke to me from the day I called him coward; and seemed to keep away from everybody except old Joe, who took care of the elephants. They were friends, and they used to have long talks together, but nobody else ever noticed him.

II

One day I had been off for a holiday. Coming back in the afternoon, I found everybody running about, and all in confusion. It was after feeding time, but I heard an awful yelling and screeching from the animal tent—the worst noise I ever heard.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter enough!" said some one. "That new tiger has caught his paw in the rails and is swearing fiercely! Bill Hunt"—that was the lion and tiger man—"fell and broke his leg this afternoon, and nobody will go near the cages."

I ran into the tent, and there stood father and the whole crowd watching the tiger. He was making an awful fuss. His paw was stuck fast and was badly swollen. He yelled and yelled, and dashed himself against the wires so that they actually bent; you never heard such a noise in your life! They had thrown his supper in, but he wouldn't touch it—he was in such a raging fury. Father tried to make Joe go in.

"You used to be a pretty good hand with the old tiger," he said. "I'll give you a twenty-dollar gold piece if you'll go in there and get that paw out."

But Joe shook his head. "I don't know this tiger," he said. "And I'm too old; I won't do it. What's more, there's only one person in this show who can do it, as far as I know."

At that moment some one touched father's arm. He turned round, and there stood that boy, the one we all called the coward. "I'll do it, sir," says he.

And old Joe says, "Ah! he's the one! he'll do it sure enough."

"He!" says father. "Why, he's a—"

"No, he isn't," says old Joe. "That's all you know, boss. There are more things in this world than riding and tumbling. You let that boy go in."

Father was so taken back he couldn't say a word; no more could anybody. He just nodded, and then we all held our breath, for the boy walked straight up to the cage of that raging beast.

"Will you have Bill's rod?" asks old Joe.

"No," says he, as unconcerned as if it had been a biscuit that was offered him. "I don't want anything." And he opened the cage door and went in.

Boys, no one of us who saw that sight will ever forget it to his dying day. The tiger was making such a noise that he didn't hear the door open; but when it shut with a clang, he turned and saw the boy. He tried to spring, but the paw held him fast, and hurt him all the more; and then—well, if ever a four-footed beast was a raving lunatic with rage, that tiger was. He foamed at the mouth, he yelled, he clawed the air, trying to get at the fellow. It was terrible, I tell you! The boy stood still for

a moment; then suddenly he stepped forward and threw up his hand. His eyes turned to blue fire, his face seemed all alight.

"Down!" he said.

The tiger stopped yelling; his green eyes glared into the blue ones; his ugly teeth clashed together, but he lay still, though trembling. Very quietly the boy went up to him and laid one hand on his head and the other on the swollen paw. He stood so for a minute and then—the creature dropped his head and began to whine like a great cat! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself.

Very gently the boy went to work on the paw, pressing and pulling and turning it, so as to bring it more nearly parallel with the bars of the cage. I turn cold still to think of it. But though the great beast yelled now and then with pain, his yell was different. It seemed an age, but it might have been a minute and a half, before the paw was drawn out and the tiger was free.

Did he spring? Not he! Those blue eyes seemed to go through and through him. He growled, whined and then sank down as if tired out—he almost seemed to say "Thank you!"

Quick as a flash, the boy picked up the great piece

GENTLY THE BOY WENT TO WORK

of meat and put it before the beast. Then, seemingly with no desire for haste in leaving the cage, he coolly reached down to shake hands with one of the circus boys; and turned and walked out as quietly as if he had done nothing at all.

Before the rest could open their mouths to cheer, I had run up to him and taken his hand. "I called you a coward," I said, loudly, so that everybody could hear. "I want to say now before everybody, that I'm not fit to crack a whip for you. You're the bravest fellow I ever saw. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted father and all the rest, and the tiger looked up and growled.

So, boys, that was the way one coward turned out. His head was weak, you see, or his stomach, or something, so that riding made him dizzy. But his spirit was beyond anything I ever saw.

Who was he? Ask who is he! He's my partner, the greatest wild-beast tamer that has been for an age. Born for it, you see. Can't ride any more than a hen to-day, but look at him! There he comes now. Isn't that a figure of a man? Look at his eyes! What did I tell you about blue fire? That's the man I called coward!

—Laura E. Richards.

THE QUEST

THERE once was a restless boy,
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.

He something missed from sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

—Eudora Bumstead.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes ripen
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and ᵛstatesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and ᵛpalette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Mary H. Krout.

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothes press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their place
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

—Henry C. Bunner.

TAKING CARE OF SKIP

I

"FRED, you take care of Skip; and Skip, you take care of Fred."

That was what Roger Mason had said when his brother and the water ᵛspaniel went to visit Aunt Dorothy at Ledge Cove, and Roger himself could not go. Aunt Dorothy's cottage was on the high land above the little bay, where the sea sent its waves splashing against slate-blue rocks.

It was ᵛIndian summer. The birches and the oaks that grew on the ᵛledges were yellow and red and brown, and the clear salt air was full of the scent of autumn leaves.

There was one thing that Fred always liked to do when he was at Ledge Cove, and that was to walk along the rocky shore close to the water, round the sharp end of Gull Point, and down the other side, until he reached a place where he could cut back through the woods and fields to the cottage. Bright shells and colored stones were always to be found, and each ᵛstretch of sandy beach had something new to offer.

Saturday morning after breakfast, Fred whistled

to the spaniel and told Aunt Dorothy that he was going down toward the point to look for shells.

The boy and the dog took the path that led down to the ledges, and in three minutes they were close to the water. There seemed to be more than the usual number of interesting things that morning. Every other pool in the rocks held a brownish-gray crab, or a pink-and-white starfish, and there were so many shells that Fred filled his pockets at once. Then, emptying them, he made room for the beautiful shells that he found at every half-dozen steps.

Close to the ledges the rocks were piled up topsy-turvy, just as if a giant had come along with a huge club and knocked them down from the low cliff. Most of the way they extended down into the water and were covered with green seaweed.

Skip was in and out of the water, exploring caves, sniffing at a crab or swimming across a pool, and all the time enjoying himself so much that he never ceased to wag his tail.

And then something happened. Suddenly a slim little animal, brownish-black and twice as large as a squirrel, ran out from a crack in the rocks. It was a mink, and like Fred and the spaniel, he also was trying to find interesting things along the shore.

Skip gave a bark and was after him in a second. The chase led down close to the waves, through a green pool and into the rocks. With a shrill little squeal, the mink plunged through a narrow hole, and to Fred's surprise, Skip squeezed in after him. The sound of splashing water and the spaniel's excited barks came from the rock pile.

II

When Fred reached the hole and peered in, neither dog nor mink could be seen, but the splashing and barking continued. He started to climb over the three-cornered rock that lay above the hole. Perhaps on the other side he would find a larger opening.

He had no sooner put his feet on the rock, however, than it tipped and moved downward. Fred leaped to a weed-covered bowlder, and then looked back. The rock had slid into a new position, so that now it almost closed the hole where Skip had entered.

Fred walked round the pile, but there was no other opening. He whistled, and the sound of a muffled bark came to him. The spaniel was still inside and could not get out. There was no doubt of that, for he did not appear when Fred cried,

"Come here, Skip!" The mink had gone. Doubtless he had escaped by some small opening.

Fred circled the rocks and came again to the little hole where Skip had entered. It was now scarcely large enough for him to get his hand through. He could see Skip's eyes shining, and when he thrust in his arm he felt a warm, moist tongue licking his fingers.

The rock that had moved was not large, but it looked heavy. The boy withdrew his arm from the hole, got a grip on the edge and lifted. It did not stir. Putting the fingers of one hand into a crack on the right, he tried again, but the rock failed to move.

As Fred straightened up, a wave came swirling in over the tops of his shoes. For the first time he thought of the tide. It was coming in fast and would soon cover the rock pile where Skip was trapped. There was no time to go for help; it was half a mile back to Aunt Dorothy's. Perhaps, however, some one might be walking in the fields above the ledges. Fred climbed upward and gazed in all directions. Not a person was to be seen. He shouted, but no one answered.

Hurriedly he scrambled down again. The in-

coming waves were now washing against the rock pile, and Skip was at the hole, trying to peer out. Tears came into Fred's eyes. There was his pet, his companion in many adventures, caught in a little rocky ᵛcavern, and about to drown without a chance to fight for his life.

Fred stood in the water and again tried to lift the rock, but all his ᵛefforts were in vain. He looked up and down the shore, searching for something, he knew not what, to aid him. Inside the hole there were steady splashing sounds. Skip must be swimming to keep himself up. Once he barked and whined a little, just as he did at home when he wished to come into the house.

The sound was too much for Fred. He turned away and walked up the rocky beach, where he could not hear it. Roger had told him to take care of Skip, and he had failed to do so.

Then something among the rocks attracted Fred's eye; it was the handle of a broken oar. A new hope came to him. He seized the short piece of wood and ran back to the rock pile. As he reached it, a wave covered the top of it and then ᵛsurged back. The splashing sound in the cavern had ceased. No, there it was again—very faint.

The water was up to Fred's waist when he jumped down beside the hole. In frantic haste he thrust the oar handle into the opening and pried upward. The rock moved! He pried harder. It tilted back sharply and stayed in its new place.

Fred thrust his arm into the widened opening. A wave came up among the rocks and almost upset him, but somehow he held his position, and groped about in the cavern until his hand touched a wet, furry body. In another moment he had Skip out and was splashing through the pools toward the ledges. The water spaniel's eyes were shut, and he did not move in his master's arms.

Fred climbed to the field and rubbed the little dog almost dry with his coat. Then he held him up by the hind legs to let the salt water run out of his mouth and rubbed him some more. At last Skip opened his eyes and feebly wagged his tail.

A little later Fred and Skip started back for Aunt Dorothy's. Both were happy, but the little water spaniel was not running and jumping about as usual; he was snuggled comfortably in Fred's arms, contented enough to rest for a while.

—Clayton H. Ernst.

WHIPPOORWILL TIME

Let down the bars; drive in the cows;
The west is dyed with burning rose.
Unhitch the horses from the plows,
And from the cart the ox that lows,
And light the lamp within the house:

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the locust-blooms are falling
On the hill!

The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whippoorwill is crying,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Soft, now shrill,
The whippoorwill is crying,
"Whip-poor-will."

Unloose the watch-dog from his chain;
The first stars wink their drowsy eyes;
A sheep-bell tinkles in the lane,
And where the shadow deepest lies
A lamp makes bright the kitchen pane.

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the berry-blooms are falling
On the rill:

The first faint stars are springing
And the whippoorwill is singing,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will";
Softly still
The whippoorwill is singing,
"Whip-poor-will."

The cows are milked; the cattle fed;
The last far streaks of evening fade;
The farm-hand whistles in the shed
And in the house the table's laid;
The lamp streams on the garden-bed.

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the dogwood-blooms are falling
On the hill:

The after-glow is waning,
And the whippoorwill's complaining,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will";
Wild and shrill,
The whippoorwill's complaining,
"Whip-poor-will."

The moon blooms out, a great white rose,
The stars whirl onward towards the west;
The barnyard cock wakes once and crows:
The farm is wrapped in peaceful rest;
The cricket chirps, the firefly glows.

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the bramble-blooms are falling
On the rill;

The moon her watch is keeping,
And the whippoorwill is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will";
Lonely still,
The whippoorwill is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will."

—Madison J. Cawein.

BALSER AND THE BEAR

I

A LONG time ago there stood in a western forest a cozy log cabin of two rooms—one front and one back. Near by ran the Big Blue River of Indiana.

The man who built this log hut and who owned the ᵛadjoining land was Balser Brent. Balser was also the name of his boy, the ᵛhero of the bear story I am about to tell.

The back room of the cabin was the storeroom and kitchen; from the ᵛbeams and along the walls hung rich hams and juicy sidemeat, venison, dried apples, onions, and other provisions for the winter. There was also a glorious fireplace and a ᵛcrane on which to hang pots and kettles. The front room was the parlor, living room and bed-chamber. The floor of this room consisted of logs split in halves, with the flat, ᵛhewn side up, but the floor of the kitchen was of hard, smooth clay.

The daily food of the family came from the farm, the forest and the creek. Sugar was obtained from the sap of the sugar-tree; meat was supplied by the hogs and the game which filled the forests. Deer might be had just for the shooting; and squirrels,

rabbits, wild turkeys and quail were so numerous that a few hours' hunting would supply the table for days. The fish in the river fairly longed to be caught.

One morning, little Balser, who was working alongside his father in the clearing, heard the dinner-horn blow twice; this was the signal for him to come home to his mother. Balser was glad enough to drop his hoe and run to the cabin.

"Balser," said his mother when he arrived, "go to the river and catch a mess of fish for dinner. Your father is tired of deer meat three times a day, and I know he would like a dish of fried perch for a change."

"All right, mother," said Balser. He took down his fishing-pole and filled a gourd half-full of earthworms for bait.

"You had better take a gun along," his mother called, as he started; "you might meet a bear. But be careful not to shoot yourself."

Balser took the gun, which was a heavy rifle considerably larger than himself, and started toward the river about a quarter of a mile away. When he reached the river bank, the boy suddenly came across the foot-prints of a large bear, which had

ᵛevidently passed that way not long before; the tracks were fresh. Balser crept forward carefully, peering closely into every dark thicket and looking behind the trees and logs for fear that Mr. Bear would step out and surprise him with an affectionate hug.

He was a good shot for his age and a brave lad. Little fellow that he was, he had killed several deer and, once, a wildcat. Balser had never met a bear, however, face to face and alone, though he often said that no bear in the world was big enough to scare him if he had his gun.

He had often ᵛimagined, and ᵛdescribed to his little brother just what he would do if he ever happened to meet a bear. He would wait calmly and quietly until his bearship came within a few yards of him, and then he would slowly lift his gun until it rested level. Bang! and Mr. Bear would be dead with a bullet through his heart.

When the lad saw the fresh bear tracks, however, and understood that there might soon be a chance for him to put his ᵛtheories into practise, he began to wonder whether he would remain cool and calm—or get scared and miss his aim. In that case, the bear, who would certainly remain cool and calm,

would put his own theories into practise by walking politely up and making a satisfactory dinner of a certain boy named Balser.

But as he walked on and no bear appeared, his courage grew stronger as the prospect of meeting Bruin grew less; again, he said to himself that since he had his gun, no bear could frighten him, and he could and would kill it.

II

Balser reached his favorite fishing-pool in the river. After a careful look about him, he leaned his gun against a tree, unwound his fishing-line and walked to the end of a log which ran out into the river some twenty or thirty feet. He threw in his line and was so busily employed in drawing out sunfish and bass that all thought of the bear went out of his mind.

Having caught enough fish for dinner, Balser wound up his line and started to go ashore. As he turned round, imagine, if you can, his horror when he saw on the bank, quietly watching him, a huge black bear!

The wildcat he had killed had seemed as large as a cow to Balser; of what size then was the bear?

A cow? An elephant, surely, was small compared to the immense black fellow on the bank.

The bear wore a determined expression on his face which seemed to say, "That boy can't get away. He's out on the log where the water is deep; if he jumps in, I can easily catch him before he swims a dozen strokes. He will soon have to come off that log, and then I will proceed to eat him up."

The same train of thought had been rapidly going through Balser's mind. His gun was on the bank, and in order to reach it he would have to pass the bear. He dared not jump into the river, fearing that any movement on his part would bring the bear on him immediately. The boy was badly frightened, but he was a cool-headed chap and decided that he would not press matters, since the bear did not seem anxious to do so. As long as the bear remained watching him on the bank, he would stay on the log as quiet as a mouse.

There they stood, the boy and the bear, eying each other as though they were the best of friends and would like to eat each other up, which last, in fact, happened to be the exact truth.

Time sped very slowly for one of them, you may be sure; it seemed to Balser that he had been stand-

ing almost an age on that shaking log out in the river when he heard his mother's dinner-horn reminding him that it was time to go home.

Balser quite agreed with his mother and, I need not tell you, would gladly have gone; but there stood the bear waiting motionless, patient but fierce. Little Balser made up his mind that his time had come to die.

The boy hoped that his father, when he went home to dinner and found him absent, would come to the river looking for him. Hardly had this hope sprung up within him, when it seemed that the same thought had also occurred to the bear, who began to move in his direction. The bear reached the shore end of the log, and looked at it a moment; then, to Balser's great alarm, he slowly stepped out on it and began to walk toward him.

Balser thought of his home and of his baby sister, whom he never expected to see again; very likely his parents would never learn of his fate. He was almost paralyzed with fright.

On came the bear, putting one great paw in front of the other, and watching Balser with his little black eyes. His tongue hung out, and his red mouth, open to its widest, showed the big teeth

which would soon be engaged on a first-class boy dinner.

When the bear got within a few feet of Balser—so close that he could almost feel the animal's hot breath—the boy, wild with fear, struck at the brute with the only weapon he had—his string of fish.

Bears love fish and blackberries above all other food, and as Balser's string of fish struck Bruin on the snout, he grabbed at it. In so doing, he lost his foothold on the slippery log and fell into the river.

Now was Balser's chance for life. He flung the fish to the bear and ran along the log with all his speed. When he reached the bank and his feet

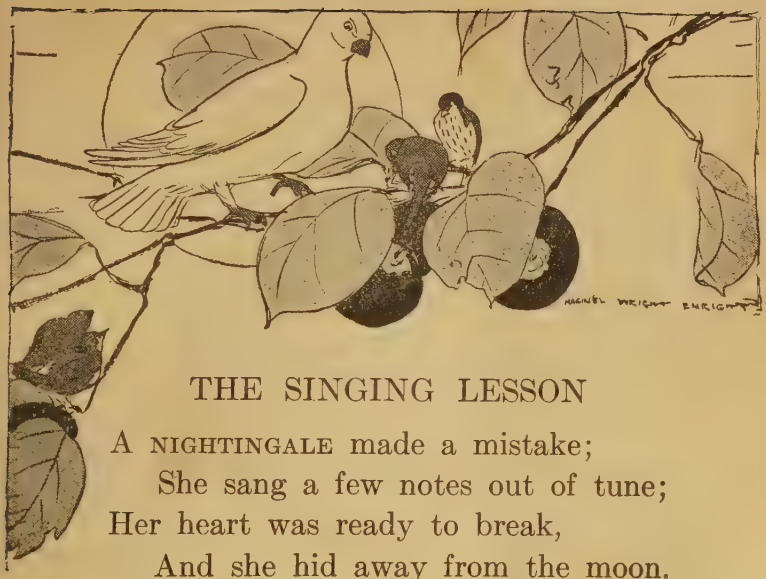
touched the earth, his courage returned; he remembered his theories of the proper way to behave on meeting a bear. Meanwhile, the bear had seized the fish, and having climbed up on the log, was enjoying an agreeable meal.

Balser snatched up his gun, rested it on the foot of a small tree, took steady aim at the bear, not five yards away, and pulled the trigger. The brute instantly dropped into the water and floated downstream, where he lodged on a sandbar.

Balser, now that he had killed the bear, was more frightened than he had been while the danger threatened, and ran home screaming. But his father and mother made him forget his fears, and he soon began to feel almost as big as the bear. He had reason to feel big, for he had got himself out of an ugly scrape in a manner of which almost any man might be proud.

That afternoon Balser's father took the bear from the river. It was one of the largest bears ever seen in that neighborhood, weighing over six hundred pounds. Besides gallons of rich bear oil, the body yielded three or four hundred pounds of meat, and no other meat is tenderer or sweeter.

—Charles Major.



THE SINGING LESSON

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And ᵛpretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
"Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common, ᵛcontemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ˇascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a ˇmoral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

—Jean Ingelow.

THE THIRD WAY OUT

I

A ᵛPEDDLER of the Far North once went out selling his ᵛwares. It was winter time and wolves made their appearance as he was driving over a frozen lake. There were nine or ten of them, and the man had a poor horse, so his chance of escape seemed small.

When the peddler heard the wolves howl and saw how many of them were after him, he lost his head. It did not occur to him to dump his casks and jugs out of the sledge, in order to lighten the load. He merely whipped the horse and made the best speed he could, but he soon learned that the wolves were gaining on him. The lake shores were ᵛdesolate, and he was miles from the nearest farm. He thought that his last hour had come and was beside himself with fear.

While he drove on, terrified, he saw something move in the brush which had been set in the ice to mark the road across the lake; when he discovered who it was that walked there, his horror grew even greater.

It was no wild beast, but a poor old woman,

named ᵛFinn-Malin, who was in the habit of roaming about on highways and byways. She was a hunchback, and slightly lame, so he recognized her at a distance.

The woman was coming toward the wolves. The sledge hid them from her view, and the man saw at once that if he drove on without warning her, she would walk right into their jaws. While they were ᵛrending her, he would have time enough to escape.

The old woman walked slowly, bent over a cane. It was plain that she was ᵛdoomed unless the peddler helped her, but even if he were to stop and take her into the sledge, it was by no means certain that she would be safe. More than likely the wolves would catch up with them, and then both man and woman would be killed. He wondered if it were not better to ᵛsacrifice one life than lose two; this flashed into his mind the instant he saw the old woman.

But he also had time to think how it would be with him afterward—if he might not come to regret that he had not helped her at any cost. People might some day learn that he had not tried to save her. It was a terrible puzzle.

"I wish I had not seen her," he said to himself.

Just then the wolves burst into savage howls. The horse reared, plunged forward, and dashed past the old beggar woman. She, too, had heard the howling of the wolves, and as the man drove by, he saw that the old woman knew what awaited her. She stood motionless, her mouth open for a cry, her arms stretched out for help. But she neither cried out nor tried to throw herself into the sledge. Something seemed to have turned her to stone.

"It was I," thought the man. "I must have looked like a ᵛdemon as I passed." He tried to feel satisfied, now that he was certain of escape, but at that very moment his heart ᵛreproached him. Never before had he done a cowardly thing, and he felt that his whole life was ᵛblasted.

"Let come what may," he said, and reined in his horse, "I cannot leave her alone with the wolves."

It was with great difficulty that he turned the horse, but in the end he managed it and promptly drove back to her.

"Be quick and get into the sledge," he said gruffly, for he was angry with himself for not leaving the old woman to her ᵛfate. "You might stay at home once in a while, old woman! Now both my horse and I will come to grief."

The woman did not say a word, but the peddler was in no humor to spare her.

"The horse has already tramped thirty-five miles to-day, and the load hasn't lightened any since you got on it," he grumbled. "You must understand that he'll soon be exhausted."

The sledge runners crunched loudly against the ice, but for all that the man heard the panting of the wolves and knew that the beasts were almost on him.

"It's all up with us!" he said. "Much good it was, either to you or me—this attempt to save you, Finn-Malin!"

II

Up to that point the old woman had been silent—like one who is accustomed to take abuse—but now she spoke.

"I can't understand why you don't throw out your wares and lighten your load," she said. "You can come back again to-morrow and gather them up."

The peddler was surprised that he had not thought of this before. He tossed the reins to the old woman, loosed the ropes that bound the casks, and pitched them out. The wolves were now very near, but they stopped to examine that which was thrown on the ice, and the sledge again had the start.

"If this does not help you," said the old woman, "understand that I will give myself up to the wolves, that you may escape."

While she was speaking, the man attempted to push a heavy ᵛbrewer's ᵛvat from the sledge. In the midst of his labor he paused, as if unable to make up his mind to throw it out; but, in fact, his thoughts were taken up with something wholly different.

"Surely a stout man and a sound horse need not let a feeble old woman be eaten by wolves in order to save them!" he thought. "There must be some other way of safety. Why, of course there is! It was only my ᵛstupidity that kept me from finding it." He burst out laughing.

The old woman was alarmed, wondering if he had gone mad; but the man was only laughing at himself because he had been so stupid all the while. It was the simplest thing in the world to save both of them, and the horse as well. He could not imagine why he had not thought of it before.

"Listen to what I say, Malin!" he said. "It was splendid of you to be willing to throw yourself to the wolves. But you need not do that, because I know how we can both be saved. Whatever I do, remember that you are to sit still and drive on to

the village. There you must wake the people, tell them that I am out here alone on the ice, surrounded by wolves, and ask them to come to my aid."

The peddler waited until the wolves were once more almost on the sledge. They leaped forward, sure of their ᵛprey, snarling and snapping. The man, balancing the great brewer's vat for a brief space on the back of the sledge, threw it out. The crash of the fall scattered the wolves for a moment—a moment in which the peddler jumped from the sledge and crawled under the vat.

Here he was perfectly safe. It was a broad tub, strongly built and big enough to hold a Christmas brew. The wolves, whining in their ᵛeagerness to get at the man beneath, dashed around and around it, biting and thrusting, but the vat was too heavy for them to move. The man laughed at them.

Meanwhile the lightened sledge sped onward to the village and safety.

"For the ᵛfuture," said the peddler, "when I am in a tight hole, I shall remember this vat. It will remind me that I need never ᵛinjure anybody, for there is always a third way out."

—Selma Lagerlöf.

THREE TREES

THE pine tree grew in the wood,
ᵛTapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a ᵛshield,
It gave a home to the birds.
ᵛSturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
And the children rode its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with ᵛfruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
Come live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"O ho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning stroke,
My branches are broad and free;
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my ᵛburdens long."
And it dropped its fruit, as it dropped its tear,
And reddened the ground with ᵛfragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the Harvest heard,
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their master's will."

So a ship of oak was sent,
Far over the ocean blue;
And the pine was the ᵛmast that bent,
As over the waves it flew;
And the ᵛruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was ᵛborne to a starving isle of the sea.

THEIR OWN NAMES

I KNEW a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird "a bird,"
But said the "bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or "robin,"
Or "wren" as it might be;
She called them by their first names,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or gardens,
She never picked "a flower."
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral,
I'm sure you see the rest.

But would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain awhirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

MY ROBIN

When I was a child, beside our door,
In a green and spreading sycamore,
There sang each morning, with note as clear
As a crystal brook, and full of cheer,
A Robin.

I watched his plumage in childish glee,
And fancied he sang his song for me;
And the melody lingers in heart and brain,
Making me often a child again—
My Robin.

I look for his coming in early spring,
When the crocus opens, and maples bring
Their crimson tassels to kiss the breeze,
And the sunshine dallies with new-leaved trees—
My Robin.

I hear him sing as the sun goes down
And the stars come out o'er the silent town;
But there's never a harsh or mournful note,
That wells afresh from the ᵛwarbler's throat—
My Robin.

And I learn a lesson of hope and cheer
That carries me on from year to year;
To sing in the shadow as in the sun,
Doing my part till the work is done—
My Robin.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

DAME NATURE'S RECIPE

Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue:
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And ᵛmyriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them all together
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

—Rachel G. Smith.

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL

I

If our ᵛheroine, Cynthia Smith, were living to-day, she would be a great-great-grandmother. But at the time of this story, she was only a little girl dwelling on a plantation near the Santee River, in South Carolina.

She was twelve years old, and, for so young and so small a person, as ᵛstanch a ᵛrebel as could have been found in all America. At that time the ᵛRevolutionary War was raging.

When Cynthia was only five years old, her little heart had beaten fast at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party."

The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia eat. Her father sent his whole harvest to the North to feed the Boston people, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after that her brother John went to ᵛMassachusetts and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of ᵛBunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in pride when Tom in-

sisted on taking John's place and following Colonel George Washington to the war.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterward wrote home. His mother wrung her hands, but his father grimly smiled.

"Just wait, you two boys," said the father. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she, too, might fight the "Britishers" on her own account.

She had little time, however, for patriotic dreams. There was a deal of work to be done in those days. Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings.

When she was eight years old, two events had happened which seemed of equal importance to her. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red and white calf in the barn.

Cynthia's eyes flashed when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal"; but she went almost wild with joy when he gave her the little calf to be all her own.

Cynthia named the calf, "Free-'n'-equal." If ever an animal deserved such a name it was this calf. It obeyed no one. It kicked up its legs, and scampered round the plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn on Cynthia's call.

"Free-'n'-equal" was Cynthia's one playmate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths' home.

By the time the calf had grown into a cow, the two were close friends. Cynthia told all her secrets to "Free-'n'-equal," and asked the cow's advice about many an important undertaking. She even asked her how many stitches to put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

Alas! Tom never wore these wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful winter at Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that "Free-'n'-equal" understood all her sorrow when she told her the pitiful news.

A few months later Cynthia sobbed into "Free-'n'-equal's" sympathizing ear, "General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will and Ebenezer have gone to fight in his army."

The cow shook her head and gave a long, low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us?"

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do," Cynthia said. "Mother and I will attend to the rice; you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers roamed around, laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid—no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She was not afraid even when a redcoat sometimes paid the farm a sudden visit. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird which sang above her head when she went into the woods near by to gather sticks.

II

Cynthia's time of trial was at hand, however. One afternoon when she came home carrying some firewood, her mother met her with a grave face.

"Cynthia." she said, "they have been here and driven off 'Free-'n'-equal.'"

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns and dragged her away to their camp. What shall we do?"

The child made a sound which was like a groan and a war-whoop and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran—on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles—on and on.

At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's ᵛheadquarters. The ᵛsentinels tried to stop her, but she dashed straight past them. Into the house—into the parlor—she hurried. There sat Lord Cornwallis and six of his officers eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the ᵛthreshold and dropped a curtsy. Lord Cornwallis looked up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another curtsy, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, 'Free-'n'-equal' Smith. I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a wineglass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, and four brothers, too."

"Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven, along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashing at him.

"And Tom went to heaven out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

Cynthia's head was lifted again.

"Rank rebels!" said Cornwallis.

"Yes, sir."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel, too, I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded her head, emphatically.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt that she is rebel beef herself."

Cynthia paused a moment, and then said, "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis gave a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed, too. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but not at all ashamed, she stood firm on her two little feet and awaited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her?

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and stopped laughing at once.

"Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, tak-

ing off the pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore; "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels."

Then he rose and held his wineglass above his head. "Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her!" said he.

She dropped another curtsy, clasped the shining buckles, and left the room, comforted because "Free-'n'-equal" was all her own once more.

As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's great-great-grandchildren. For there was a real Cynthia as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

RICHARD KIRKLAND

A GREAT battle had been fought at ᵛMarye's Heights just outside Fredericksburg, Virginia. For a whole day the cannon of the ᵛhostile armies had rocked and roared. Thirty thousand troops in close ᵛcolumns had charged up to the heights time and again, but in spite of every effort they could not take the stone wall held by ᵛConfederate soldiers. The coming of darkness found the field in front of the wall covered with the dead, wounded and dying.

The next morning the ᵛUnion troops did not ᵛrenew the battle, but a force, lying under cover some distance away, exchanged a deadly fire with the Confederates behind the stone wall. All day long the ᵛskirmish went on. It was as much as a man's life was worth to show himself for a single instant, and for this reason no help could be given the wounded soldiers, who had lain for hours in the cold without any attention whatever. They moaned and cried, "Water! water!" but there was no one to bring it to them.

In the afternoon, while the Confederate ᵛBrigadier-General Kershaw sat in an upstairs room of

his headquarters overlooking the battlefield, Richard Kirkland came in. He was a young fellow, a sergeant in Kershaw's command, and the general had a great liking for him.

"General," he said, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"All night long and all day I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I ask permission to give them water."

The general looked at him a moment in surprise and approval. Those men were Kirkland's enemies; they had tried to kill him and his comrades in battle, and any effort to aid them would be attended with great danger.

"Kirkland," said General Kershaw, "don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the minute you stepped over the wall?"

"I know there is danger," the sergeant replied, "but if you will let me go, I will try it."

"I ought not to allow you to run such a risk," the general said, slowly; "but your purpose is so noble that I will not refuse your request. I trust that God will protect you. You may go."

The sergeant's eye lighted with pleasure.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and ran downstairs.

A moment later the youth came bounding back, two steps at a time. General Kershaw imagined that Kirkland's heart had failed him, but not so.

"General, may I show a white handkerchief?" the sergeant asked.

That would be a signal for a truce, or it might even be taken as a sign of surrender.

"No, Kirkland," said the general, with regret.

"All right, I will take the chance." The sergeant hastened away, and soon the general saw him approach the wall with a number of canteens slung on his shoulder.

The general watched him anxiously as he stepped over the protecting wall and out into the open field. Now was the moment of extreme danger. A thousand sharpshooters lay within easy range and Kirkland's fate seemed certain. But not a ball struck him and he reached the nearest sufferer in safety. Raising the wounded man's head, he poured water down his parched throat. Then he laid him down again, with a canteen full of water beside him, and covered him with an overcoat. Kirkland went on to the next man.

By this time his purpose was understood and he was no longer in danger. The sharpshooters on

HE POURED WATER DOWN HIS PARCHED THROAT

either side, eager as they were to kill, ceased firing for fear that they might harm a man bound on such an errand of mercy. The wounded soldiers all over the field called out, "Water! water!" Those too weak to speak raised a feeble hand to show that they were still alive.

For an hour and a half Kirkland went from one to another, taking water and relieving suffering so far as possible. When he had finished, he returned to his post of duty, wholly unhurt and with the love and admiration of both armies, which had witnessed one of the bravest and most unselfish deeds ever done on the field of battle.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney was brave and generous and thought of others before himself. The last act of his life showed his character. It was upon a battle-field. He lay on the ground mortally wounded, and feebly called for water. A soldier who had a bottle with a little water in it offered it to the dying man. Just then Sir Philip saw another wounded soldier who looked longingly at the cooling draught. "Give it to him," said Sidney; "his need is greater than mine."

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A ᵛblare of bugles, a ᵛruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of ᵛvictory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
ᵛStately honor and ᵛreverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:

Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And [v]loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—Henry Holcomb Bennett.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY[1]

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good [v]forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried [v]guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

[1]From "The Trail to Boyland," by Wilbur D. Nesbit, Copyright 1904, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

How Robin Hood Became an Outlaw

In old England, in the ᵛreign of good King Henry, there were certain forests set aside for the king's hunting, and the ᵛpenalty for killing game in them was death. These forests were guarded by the king's foresters, who were very strict in carrying out the law.

One of the largest of these hunting grounds was Sherwood Forest, where for many years Hugh Fitzooth was the proud head forester. He lived happily in his simple home with his good wife and his little son Robin. As soon as the lad was old enough to walk, his chief delight was to go with his father on his daily ᵛexpeditions in the forest. When his right arm was strong enough, he learned to draw the long bow and speed a true arrow.

By and by, however, sad times came to the home of the head forester. He was falsely ᵛaccused of treason by the Sheriff of Nottingham and put in prison, where he soon died. The new forester cruelly thrust Robin's mother out of her cottage on a cold day, and she died from ᵛexposure.

The lad was by this time a handsome youth and

known as the finest archer in the whole country. There was never a contest in which he did not take the chief prize. Because of this, the new forester hated Robin and wished to do him harm.

At last his chance came. A great archery contest was to be held at Nottingham Fair, and on a fine May morning Robin went whistling gayly through Sherwood Forest, thinking of the prize which might soon be his. Presently he came across a group of foresters making merry under the spread-

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ing branches of an oak tree, with a huge meat pie and jars of brown ale before them.

Robin recognized the new forester as the leader of the band. He thought of the cruel treatment his poor mother had received, and his heart grew bitter within him. However, he would have passed on his way had not the man scornfully called out, "Ha, a pretty archer is that! Where is he going with his toy bow and arrow? Does the lad think he can shoot?"

The other foresters laughed loudly at this, and Robin's face flushed with anger.

"I can shoot as well as any of you," he cried, "if I am but a lad. Pick whatever target you like, and I wager you I can hit it."

At that moment a herd of deer was seen grazing about a hundred yards off. The wicked forester saw his chance to get Robin into trouble.

"If you can shoot as well as you say, speed a shaft at those deer," he said.

"Done!" cried Robin. "The deer in the lead will soon breathe his last, or my name is not Robin."

Without another word, he fastened the bowstring, placed an arrow upon it, and drew it to his ear. A second he paused, and then the arrow sped on its

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He Drew It to His Ear

way. Another moment, and the leader of the herd lay dead upon the ᵛgreensward.

"You have killed a king's deer!" cried the forester. "Your head shall pay for it."

And he aimed an arrow at the lad. But Robin was too quick for him. He stepped aside, and the arrow passed him. Then, drawing his own bowstring again, he sent a shaft straight at the forester's heart. The man gave one cry, fell face downward and lay still. Robin had ᵛavenged his mother's death but had become an ᵛoutlaw.

He now plunged into the forest, where he found others who had broken the king's cruel laws. They asked him to be their leader, and he became the head of a band of more than a hundred outlaws. They wore suits of green and were known as Robin Hood's Merry Men.

Robin and his followers always stood for the rights of the poor and ᵛoppressed. They fought fairly, protected women and children, and were ever ready to take spoil from knight or lord, but equally ready to share it with the poor and needy.

Robin Hood and the Sheriff

I

On one occasion the Sheriff of Nottingham planned to ᵛentice Robin and his band into the town of Nottingham. He arranged a great contest in archery, in which sport he knew that the outlaws were unequaled. He offered as a prize a silver arrow tipped with gold.

When the news of the contest was carried to Robin in the forest, he said, "Come, make ready, my lads; we will show the false sheriff that brave and skillful bowmen still live in the green shades of old Sherwood."

But one of the band, David of Doncaster, was not so sure that they should go. His sister, who lived in Nottingham, had heard of the trick and had sent him a message of warning.

"Master Robin," said David, "it were best to stay in the good green wood. The sheriff is no true man and this match is not a fair match, but a trick to entrap us."

Robin was not pleased with the advice. "Did I not know you for a brave man, David of Doncaster," said he, "I should say that yours is the speech of a

coward. I mean to try my skill in archery at the sheriff's fair."

Then up spoke Little John, one of the bravest of the band, "Let us go, but let us meet trick with trick. Men know us through our mantles of Lincoln green. These we will leave behind and will dress, one in white, another in red, another in yellow, and another in blue, so that we may not be unlike the other bowmen. Nor will we keep in one company, but will mingle freely with the crowd. If one of us does not win the silver arrow with the golden head, then we are no true archers of Sherwood Forest."

This plan was adopted, and with bows in order and arrows well feathered, seventy men went forth from the forest to the match on Nottingham green.

When they had mingled with the other eight hundred archers in attendance, not only did the sheriff not recognize them, but it would have puzzled Robin himself to pick them out.

Robin was dressed in red and over his head was drawn a hood like that worn by a monk. Little John, his right hand man, was dressed in blue with a yellow jacket.

"Only six of us shall shoot in the final contest,"

Robin had said; "the rest with bows bent must guard against attack."

A great crowd had ᵛassembled on the raised seats surrounding the ᵛlists. In the central box sat the sheriff, whose eyes continually scanned the gathering crowd in growing disappointment that Robin and his band had not come. Beside him was his gayly dressed wife, with his proud daughter, who fully expected to be crowned queen by the ᵛvictor. In another box was a girl whose dark eyes and fair face drew many an admiring glance from Robin. This was Maid Marian, whom he had known and loved from childhood. He was now more than ever determined to win the arrow and lay the ᵛtrophy at her feet.

The first trials of skill quickly determined the best archers in the throng of ᵛcontestants. A score were left to take part in the final contest.

II

The bugle sounded, and the herald announced the rules. The first target was to be placed at thirty yards, and all who struck within the center were to shoot at a second target placed at forty yards. Those who hit the bull's eye in the second

were to shoot at a third target still farther removed and so on till the winner was determined. The victor was to receive the silver arrow and to crown the queen.

Of the twenty contestants at the first target, twelve placed their arrows within the inner circle; among these were Robin and Little John. The crowd cheered the fine marksmanship.

At the sound of the bugle, the next target was set up at forty yards. When this round was finished, there were five arrows in the bull's eye; that shot by Little John was nearest the center. The crowd again cheered, this time for "the Yellow Jacket."

While the third target was being set up at fifty yards, Robin's eyes again turned in the direction of Maid Marian and he determined to shoot his best for her sake. She seemed to understand, though no sign of recognition had passed between them.

In the round at the third target, the first three arrows, while truly aimed, did not enter the inner circle, and the contest lay between Robin Hood and Little John.

Robin stepped forward into place, waited an instant till a wandering breeze had passed, shot and hit the target in the very center. The crowd yelled

in applause and were now his firm friends. Little John then advanced to attempt the difficult task of splitting the arrow which had been so truly placed by Robin. With careful aim, he let fly, but he had not allowed for the gust of wind and, though well shot, his shaft was borne a little to one side. Again the crowd cheered, and Little John stretched out his hand to ᵛcongratulate the victor.

The herald sounded the bugle summoning Robin to receive his prize. As the sheriff handed him the silver arrow, he said, "Here is the trophy which your skill has given you. It is your ᵛprivilege to keep it or to bestow it on one who will be queen of the festival."

He fully expected Robin to present the arrow to his daughter, whose eager look betrayed her hopes. But to the surprise of all, the victor turned from the sheriff's box and, approaching the box of Maid Marian, placed the arrow in her hand.

"Fair lady," said he with a low bow, "accept this from one whose arrows are always ready to fly in your defense."

"My thanks to you, Rob in the hood," she answered, softly, while the people saluted her as queen of the contest.

The sheriff hid his anger as best he could, half suspecting that the stranger who had ᵛsnubbed his daughter was Robin Hood. Before he could give orders, however, to have him held, Robin had lost himself in the crowd and disappeared with his band in the forest.

That evening, as the sheriff sat down to a great feast with his friends, an arrow from somewhere came flying over his wall. To it was tied a paper with the message, "From Robin Hood, in return for the silver arrow which you so ᵛgraciously awarded him to-day."

Robin Hood and the Butcher

I

The Sheriff of Nottingham now hated Robin all the more and determined to make him a prisoner; but try as he might, he could not catch the brave outlaw. Robin continued to go to Nottingham, though always so well ᵛdisguised that the sheriff did not know him; thus he always escaped.

One day Robin was walking through the forest when he met a butcher riding gayly along to the market at Nottingham. He was dressed in a blue linen coat, with leather belt. On each side of his strong gray pony hung a basket full of meat.

The butcher whistled merrily as he went his way, thinking of the good things he would buy at Nottingham. Suddenly Robin stepped from under the trees and stopped him.

"What have you there, my man?" he asked.

"Butcher meat," replied the man. "Fine prime beef and mutton for Nottingham market. Do you wish to buy some?"

"Yes, I do," said Robin. "I'll buy it all, and your pony, too. How much do you ask for it? I have a mind to go to Nottingham to-day and see what kind of a butcher I could make."

The butcher sold his pony and all his meat to Robin; then changed clothes with him. Robin put on the butcher's blue coat and leather belt, and the butcher walked away in Robin's suit of Lincoln green, feeling very grand indeed.

Robin mounted the pony, and off he went to Nottingham to sell his meat at the market. When he reached the town he laid out his wares, and began to cry loudly, "Fine meat, ladies! Come buy. Cheapest meat in all the market, ladies! Come buy; come buy. Twopence a pound, ladies, twopence a pound. Come buy; come buy!"

"What?" cried every one, "beef at twopence a

pound? I never heard of such a thing. Why, it is usually much more."

You see Robin knew nothing at all about selling meat, as he never bought any. He and his men lived on the deer they shot in the forest.

When it became known that there was a new butcher who was selling his meat for twopence a pound, every one came crowding round his stall, eager to buy. All the other butchers stood idle until Robin had no more beef and mutton to sell.

As these butchers had nothing to do, they began to talk among themselves. "Who is this man?" they said. "He has never been here before."

"Do you think he has stolen the meat?" asked one.

"Perhaps his father has just died and left him a business," said another.

"Well, his money won't last long at this rate," added a third. "The sooner he loses it all, the better for us. We will never be able to sell anything as long as he comes here giving away beef at twopence a pound."

They stood at their stalls, sulky and cross, while all their customers crowded round Robin. Shouts of laughter arose from his corner, for he was not only

selling beef and mutton, but making jokes about it all the time.

"I tell you what," said an old butcher, "it is no use standing here doing nothing. We had better go and talk to him, and find out, if we can, who he is. We must ask him to come and dine with us in the town-hall to-day."

It was the custom on market days for the butchers to have dinner together in the town-hall, and the sheriff was their guest.

"So, the butchers stepped up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be;
'Come, butcher,' one said, 'we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me?'"

"Thank you," said Robin, "nothing would suit me better. I have had a busy morning and am hungry and thirsty, too."

"Come along, then," said the butchers.

II

So they went to the town-hall, and though they talked all the time, got nothing out of Robin and were not a whit the wiser for their pains.

The sheriff's house was close to the town-hall,

and as dinner was not quite ready, all the butchers went to pay their respects to the sheriff's wife.

She received them kindly and was especially interested in Robin, a butcher who sold meat so cheaply. Robin had such pleasant manners, too, that she thought him a very fine man indeed. She was sorry when the sheriff came and took him away, saying dinner was ready.

"I hope to see you again, kind sir," she said. "Come to see me next time you have meat to sell."

"Thank you, lady, I will not forget your kindness," replied Robin, bowing low.

At dinner the sheriff sat at one end of the table and the old butcher at the other. Robin, as the latest comer, had the place of honor on the sheriff's right hand.

At first the dinner was very dull. All the butchers were sullen; only Robin was merry. He could not help laughing to himself at the idea of dining with his great enemy, the Sheriff of Nottingham; and not only dining with him, but sitting on his right hand as an honored guest. If the sheriff had only known, poor Robin would very soon have been locked up in a dark dungeon, eating dry bread instead of all the good things they had that day.

However, Robin was so merry that very soon the butchers became merry, too. Before the end of dinner, all were laughing at Robin's jokes till their sides ached.

Only the sheriff was grave. The greedy old man was thinking to himself, "This silly young fellow does not know the value of things. If he has any cattle, I might buy them for little and sell them to the butchers for a good price. In that way, I should make a lot of money."

So after dinner he took Robin by the arm and led him aside.

"See here, young man," he said, "I like your looks, but you seem new to this business. Don't trust these butchers; they are a lot of cheats. Take my advice; if you have any cattle to sell, come to me. I'll give you a good price."

"Thank you," said Robin, "that is most kind of you."

"Have you any horned beasts?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff," replied Robin; "two hundred. And I have not been able to sell them."

The sheriff nearly danced for joy when he heard that Robin had so many horned cattle for sale.

Already he began to count the money he would make; he did not see the wicked twinkle in Robin's eye.

"Now, young man, when can I see these horned beasts of yours?" asked the sheriff. "I can't buy 'a pig in a poke,' you know. I must see them first."

"The sooner the better," said Robin. "I start for home to-morrow morning. If you care to ride with me, I will show you the horned beasts."

"Capital, capital!" said the sheriff. "To-morrow morning, then, after breakfast, I go with you. And see here, young man," he added, catching hold of Robin's coat tails as he was going away, "you won't go and sell to any one else in the meantime?"

"No, I won't even speak of it to any one," replied Robin; "be sure and bring your money." Then he went away laughing heartily to himself.

III

In the morning the two started upon their way. The sun shone and the birds sang as they merrily rode along. When the sheriff saw that they were taking the road to Sherwood Forest, he began to feel a little uneasy.

"There is a bold outlaw in these woods," he said, "called Robin Hood, who robs people. Do you think we shall meet him?"

"I am quite sure we won't meet him," replied Robin, with a laugh.

"Well, I hope not," said the sheriff. "I never dare to ride through the forest unless I have my soldiers with me. He is a bad man."

Robin only laughed. Soon they reached the edge of the forest. Suddenly Robin stopped and pointed ahead.

"Look there," he cried; "look! What do you think of my horned beasts?"

"I think," said the sheriff, in a trembling voice, "I think I should like to go back to Nottingham." For the horned cattle were a herd of deer!

"What! and not buy any horned cattle?" cried Robin. "What is the matter with them? Are they not fine and fat? Are they not a beautiful color? And you have brought the money, too!"

At the mention of money, the sheriff turned pale and clutched his bags. "Young man," he said, "I don't like you at all. I tell you I want to go back to Nottingham. This isn't money I have in my bags; it is only pebble stones."

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Just then Robin put his horn to his mouth and blew three blasts. Immediately a company

clad in green appeared and silently surrounded them.

"Good morning, Little John," said Robin.

"Good morning, Master Robin," one of the men replied. "What orders have you for to-day?"

"Well, in the first place I hope you have something nice for dinner, because I have brought the Sheriff of Nottingham to dine with us," answered Robin.

"Yes," said Little John, "the cooks are busy already, as we thought you might bring some one back with you. But we hardly expected so fine a guest as the Sheriff of Nottingham," he added, making a low bow to him. "I hope he intends to pay the bill."

For that was Robin Hood's way; he always gave these haughty men who oppressed the poor a fine dinner and then made them pay heavily for it.

The sheriff was very much afraid when he saw that he had fallen into the hands of Robin Hood. He was angry, too, when he remembered that Robin had been in his house the day before and could so easily have been made a prisoner.

They had an excellent dinner, however, and the sheriff began to feel comfortable and to hope he would

get off easily. Presently, however, Robin said, "Now, Master Sheriff, you must pay for your dinner."

"Oh! indeed I am a poor man," said the sheriff. "I have no money."

"No money! What have you in your saddle-bags, then?" asked Robin.

"Only pebbles, nothing but pebbles, as I told you before," replied the frightened sheriff.

"Little John, go and search the sheriff's saddle-bags," ordered Robin.

Little John did as he was bid, and counted out three hundred pounds on the ground.

"Sheriff," said Robin, sternly, "I will keep this money and divide it among the poor. It is not half as much as you have taken from them. Moreover, you have done so many evil deeds that you deserve to be hanged."

The poor sheriff shook in his shoes.

"Hanged you should be," continued Robin, "but that your good wife was kind to me yesterday. For her sake I let you go. But if you are not kinder to poor people hereafter, I will not let you off so easily the next time."

Robin Hood later gained the king's favor and lived for many years at court. When his life drew

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to a close, however, he longed for Sherwood Forest. In Little John's company, Robin returned to the green wood. But as he walked among the trees, his strength gave out. Little John held Robin Hood in his arms as he shot his last arrow, and buried him where the arrow fell.

—H. E. Marshall.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy ˇsire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the ˇglens from the tower which we see
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the ˇwarders that guard thy ˇrepose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a ˇfoeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For ˇstrife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

I

Yes, he was the most beautiful prince that ever was born. Everybody said this, and all were exceedingly proud of him, especially his father and mother, the king and queen of Nomansland. The only person who was not quite happy when the prince came was the king's brother, who would have been ruler one day had the baby not been born.

The little prince would be christened, of course, and the christening was to be a grand affair. Every one in the palace was busy; the only quiet place in it was the room in which the queen lay, ill and sad.

The christening day came at last, as lovely as the prince himself. He was dressed in magnificent robes and taken to the queen's bedside. She admired him very much, kissed and blessed him, and gave him up with a gentle smile, saying that she hoped it would be a nice christening. Then she turned over in her bed without another word.

The company arrived—great and noble persons; also the four and twenty godfathers and godmothers who were to give him four and twenty names. When all had come, the procession started. Such

a wonderful procession! There were heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; a troop of little girls in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers; the four and twenty godfathers and godmothers, and the king and his train.

Every one was satisfied, except, perhaps, the little prince himself, who moaned faintly under his heavy robes. In truth, though very few knew, the prince, in coming to the chapel, had met with a slight accident. His nurse—not his ordinary one, but the state nurse-maid, an ᵛelegant young lady of ᵛrank—had been so busy arranging her train that she let him fall at the foot of the marble staircase. She picked him up the very next moment, and the occurrence seemed hardly worth mentioning. The procession had moved on, without a pause, to the chapel, where the ceremony was to be held.

The sun shone in on them through the painted windows as they stood there, the king and his train on one side, and the prince and his attendants on the other—as pretty a sight as ever was seen on earth.

"It's just like fairyland," whispered a little girl. "The only thing the prince needs is a fairy godmother."

Just then somebody was seen moving among the groups of children, no bigger than a child and yet not a child. She was a little old woman dressed in gray—in a gray gown and gray-hooded cloak. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also. Even her face had a soft gray shadow over it. But there was nothing unpleasantly old about her, and her smile was as sweet and childlike as the prince's own.

"Take care," she said to the grand lady nurse. "Don't let the baby fall again."

The lady nurse started, flushing angrily.

"Old woman, you will be kind enough not to say 'the baby,' but 'the prince,'" she said in a sharp tone. "And keep away. His royal highness is just going to sleep."

"Nevertheless, I must kiss him," said the little gray woman; "I am his fairy godmother."

"You!" cried the state nurse. But the little woman stretched herself on tiptoe by the help of her stick and gave the little prince three kisses.

"Such an insult to his royal highness!" cried the nurse.

A lord in waiting raised his stick to strike the intruder and others stretched out their hands to seize her; but the gray mantle melted from between

"TAKE CARE" SHE SAID

their fingers like air. At that moment the great bell of the palace, the bell which was only heard at the death of some member of the royal family, began to toll. The people counted: one—two—three—four—up to nine and twenty—the queen's age.

It was indeed the queen. Her majesty was dead. She had turned her face to the window, toward the beautiful mountains where she was born, and so gazing, had quietly died. When the little prince was carried back to his mother's room, there was no mother to kiss him, and though he did not know it, there would be no mother's kiss any more.

II

Everybody was kind to the poor prince. He had a magnificent nursery and many attendants, but somehow after his mother died everything seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale, and almost ceased growing; his legs, which had been so fat and strong, withered and shrunk. When his nurse tried to make him stand on them, he only tumbled down.

Then the people began to talk. A prince, and not able to stand upon his legs? What a misfortune for the country! Although his body grew and the

old bright look came back to his sweet little face, his limbs remained the same. Soon every one knew that something was not quite right with the prince.

Of course nobody hinted this to the king, and his majesty was too ill and too sad to take notice of his little son. One day he also died, and his brother, the crown prince, was made ˇregent—that is, he was to rule until the child king was old enough to reign. Perhaps the prince regent did not mean to do wrong, perhaps he thought that what he did was entirely for the good of the country. However that may be, it is true that he made a speech one day telling the people that the young king was in failing health and would be sent for a time to the Beautiful Mountains.

He ˇissued an order to send the child away, and the little boy started with a guard of honor composed of two whole regiments of soldiers. Later there came the news that the little prince—nobody ever called him king now—had gone on a much longer journey than to the Beautiful Mountains. He had fallen ill on the road, the ˇphysician said, and had died within a few hours. The regent became king.

And what of the little lame prince? Was he really dead?

Beyond the Beautiful Mountains there lay a stretch of country which was barren and bleak. Not a bush, not a tree was to be seen. In summer the sunshine fell upon it with a blinding glare; in winter the winds and rains swept over it, and the snow fell steadily, noiselessly, covering it from end to end in one great white sheet. Not a pleasant place to live in—and nobody did live there, it seemed. The only sign to show that human beings had ever been near the spot was one large tower which rose a hundred feet above the plain.

This was a wonderful tower. Within twenty feet of the top some clever architect had planned a perfect little house, divided into four rooms. By making skylights and a few slits in the wall for windows, here was a complete dwelling, furnished with all the comforts imaginable—with books and toys and everything a child could desire. For the only inhabitants were a poor lonely child and a nurse.

How did he get there? One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there might have been seen crossing it a great black horse, ridden by a large man equally black. He carried before him on the saddle a woman and a child. The woman had a sad, fierce look; and no wonder, for she was

a condemned criminal, whose sentence had been changed to another punishment almost as severe as death. She was to live in the lonely tower with the child, and might live as long as the child lived—no longer.

This was a little gentle boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile, for he was tired with his long journey. He seemed very helpless, with his poor, small, shriveled legs, which could neither stand nor run; the boy was no other than our little lame prince.

When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain dangling half way down from the top. The man took from his saddle-bag a sort of ladder arranged in pieces like a puzzle, put it together and lifted it up to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower and slung from it a sort of chair, in which the prince and his nurse were drawn up.

Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces again, mounted the horse, and disappeared across the plain. Once a month he returned to the tower and climbed it as before, laden with provisions needed in the tower home and books and toys for the little boy.

III

It was not an unhappy life the child led. He had every luxury that even a prince could wish, and his nurse, though a wicked woman, was kind to him. He played about from room to room, and as he grew older, would sit at the slits of windows and watch the sky. By and by he began to learn lessons. When he could read quite easily, the black man brought him books. These told the boy about everything in the outside world and filled him with a great longing to see it.

But after a time a change came over the prince. He grew pale and thin and would sit by himself for hours without saying a word. As he gazed through the slits, he used to think how nice it would be if he could fly out of the window, up to the sky and down to the plain.

"Oh! I wish I had somebody to talk to me," he said one day. "I wish I could see a person, a real live person. I want somebody dreadfully."

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or cane, and turning around, he saw a little woman no larger than himself. Her hair was gray, her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her as she moved.

"My own dear little boy," she said, "I couldn't come to you until you said you wanted me; but now that you have said it, here I am."

"May I ask who you are?" replied the boy, very politely. "Are you my mother?"

"No," said the little old woman, "but I love you as much as your mother did, and I want to help you all I can. I am your godmother. Is there anything you wish?"

"Nothing. Yes—I should like to see the world and to have a little playmate."

"I cannot bring you a little boy, but I will leave you a present—a traveling cloak. It will take you wherever you wish to go and show you all that you wish to see."

The prince's face fell. "I don't want a cloak, for I never go out," he said.

"The more reason why you should ride," said the godmother.

Just then the nurse came in, and the little gray woman faded away, but the prince picked up the traveling cloak which lay on the floor and hid it in his pocket. When the nurse left the room, he folded it carefully and put it in a safe corner of his toy cupboard, which was never meddled with. There

it lay, and by and by he forgot all about it, and almost forgot his gray godmother, too.

The prince fell ill and was sick for some time. One day, when he was getting better, he saw a flock of birds flying by. "How nice it must be to be a bird! I wish I could fly away. I am so tired! and nobody cares for me. Nobody ever did care for me except my godmother. I wish she were here!"

And just then she appeared. "You know that I told you I could not come unless you wished for me," she said. "As soon as you called, I came."

The prince laughed with joy to see her.

"Where is the traveling cloak?" she asked "Have you never used it?"

"No," said the prince, blushing; "I put it away."

"Bring it out and shake the dust off."

The prince brought out the traveling cloak. What a strange coat it was! It was a mere piece of cloth, round in form. It had a split cut to the center, forming a hole for the neck.

"Spread it out on the floor and wait till the split closes and the edges turn up like a rim all round," directed the little gray woman. "Then set yourself down in the middle of it and say, 'Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum!' and see what will happen."

The prince burst into a fit of laughter; it all seemed so silly. He wondered that a wise old woman like his godmother should talk such nonsense.

"I see that you do not believe me, but that doesn't matter," said the little gray woman. "Here is the cloak. When you wish to go traveling on it say, 'Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum!' When you wish to come back again, say, 'Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti!' That's all; good-by."

The gray woman melted into the air and vanished.

IV

The little prince could scarcely wait to see whether the cloak would take him traveling. He spread it out on the floor. The split joined with a little sharp crick-crack, and the rim turned up all around till it was breast high. The prince sprang into the middle of the cloak and sat there steady and silent, waiting for what might happen next. Nothing did happen, and he began to think nothing would, when he remembered the words he had been told to repeat. "Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum!" he cried. And then—and then—

The cloak rose slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then gradually higher and higher. The little prince opened the skylight and let himself through. Right out into the clear fresh air the cloak sailed. It was wonderful.

True, there was nothing but earth and sky—no trees, no rivers, no mountains, no seas, not a beast on the ground. But to him the level plain looked beautiful, and soon the moon and stars came out. After a time the prince felt cold, and saying, "Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti!" he was soon in his room.

Day after day the little prince sailed away. Farther and farther he flew each time, and on every trip he saw something more wonderful than the day before. In his daring he had long since passed beyond the flat plain and now sailed over rivers and hills and villages, where the people far below looked like toys.

Surely there was some magic ᵛvirtue in the magic cloak, or in the fresh air the prince breathed, for he had become stout and strong and his legs bore him without trouble. He had now reached the age of fifteen and longed to see the world.

One day he flew over a great city, and the cloak, instead of sailing forward, settled down on the ᵛportico of a beautiful palace. The prince, his ᵛcuriosity ᵛaroused, peered through a window into a large room, and there he saw a king lying dead, all dressed in his splendid robes.

The prince was so interested that he crawled through the window into the room, forgetting the magic cloak outside. The dead man's face looked ᵛfamiliar; the room seemed familiar, too. Then, suddenly, it all came back to him. The palace was his palace and the dead man was his uncle, who had made himself king.

Frightened by all he saw, the little prince turned to go back to the cloak and fly off to his tower home. But it was too late. Before he reached the window, a throng of soldiers and lords rushed into the room and seized him fast.

"What is he doing here?" they cried. "Kill him."

"Wait," said an old lord, who was closely examining the little prince; "wait. Who may you be, lad?"

"I am the prince of Nomansland," answered the boy.

"You are the living image of the late king—the king that was before this," said the lord.

The courtiers, looking at the little prince, agreed that the likeness was wonderful, but they declared that some further proof was needed.

The proof was not long in coming. The prince's nurse was a better woman than she seemed. When she heard of the king's death, a daring plan came into her head—to set the rightful heir on the throne of Nomansland. She persuaded the black man to take her to the royal city, and even while the little prince waited, with the lords and soldiers around him, she was making her way to the palace.

She gave a cry of surprise and delight at seeing the prince and clasped him in her arms. Then, turning to the throng of lords, she told them that the boy was the king and showed her proofs.

They hailed him king, and there came such a glow into his face, such a dignity into his manner, that he seemed kinglike indeed.

"Yes," he said, "if you desire it, I will be your king. And I will do my best to make the people happy."

He turned out to be the noblest monarch that ever ruled in Nomansland. He reigned for years and years, and then, finally, went away of his own will.

Whither he went or who went with him, it is impossible to say. But I myself believe that his little gray godmother took him on the traveling cloak to the Beautiful Mountains. What he did there or where he is now, who can tell? But of one thing I am sure. Wherever he is, he is perfectly happy.

And when I think of him, I am happy, too.

—Dinah Maria Mulock (adapted).

THE MAGIC PRISON

I

LITTLE Harweda was born a prince. His father was king over a great land, and his mother was the most beautiful queen the world had ever seen. Prince Harweda was their only child. From the day of his birth, everything that love or money could do for him had been done.

But his parents, although they were king and queen, were not very wise, for they never thought of making the young prince care for anything but himself. He had never in all his life given up one of his comforts that somebody else might have a pleasure. So, of course, he grew to be selfish and peevish; and by the time he was five years old, he was so very disagreeable that nobody loved him.

"Dear, dear! what shall we do?" said the poor queen mother, and the king only sighed and answered, "Ah, what indeed!"

They were both very much grieved at heart, for they well knew that little Harweda, although he was a prince, would never grow up to be a really great king unless he could make his people love him.

At last they decided to send for his fairy god-

mother to see if she could find a way to cure Prince Harweda of thinking of nothing but himself.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the godmother, when they had laid the case before her; "this is a pretty state of affairs! And I his godmother, too! Why wasn't I called in sooner?"

She told them that she would have to think a day and a night and another day before she could offer them any help. "But," she added, "if I take the child in charge, you must promise not to meddle for a whole year."

The king and queen gladly promised that they would not speak to their son, or even see him during that time, if the fairy godmother would only cure him of his selfishness.

"We'll see about that," said the godmother "Humph! expecting to be a king some day and not caring for anybody but himself—a fine king he'll make!" With that, off she flew; and the king and queen saw nothing more of her for a day and a night and another day. Then back she came in a great hurry.

"Give me the prince," said she; "I have his house all ready for him. One month from to-day I'll bring him back to you. Perhaps he'll be cured,

and perhaps he won't. If he is not cured, then we shall try two months next time. We'll see."

Without more ado, she picked up the astonished young prince and flew away with him as lightly as if he were nothing but a feather or a straw. In vain the poor queen wept and begged for a last kiss. Before she had wiped her eyes, the fairy godmother and Prince Harweda were out of sight.

They flew a long distance until they reached a great forest. When they had come to the middle of it, down flew the fairy. In a minute more the young prince was standing on the green grass beside a beautiful pink marble palace that looked somewhat like a good-sized summer house.

"This is your home," said the godmother. "In it you will find everything you need, and you can do just as you choose with your time."

Little Harweda was delighted at this, for there was nothing in the world he liked better than to do as he pleased. He tossed his cap up into the air and ran into the lovely little house without so much as saying "Thank you" to his godmother.

"Humph!" she said, as he disappeared; "you'll have enough of it before you are through with it, my fine prince." And away she flew.

SHE FLEW AWAY WITH HIM

II

Prince Harweda had no sooner set his foot inside the small rose-colored palace than the iron door shut with a bang and locked itself. For you must know by this time that it was an enchanted house, as, of course, all houses are that are built by fairies.

Prince Harweda did not mind being locked in, since he cared very little for the great, beautiful outside world. The new home was very fine, and he was eager and impatient to examine it. Then, too, he thought that when he was tired of it, all he would have to do would be to kick on the door and a servant from somewhere would come and open it—he had always found a servant ready to obey him.

His fairy godmother had told him that it was his house; therefore he was interested in looking at everything in it. The floor was made of a beautiful red copper that shone in the sunlight like ᵛburnished gold, but seemed almost a dark red in the shadow. He had never seen anything half so fine before. The ᵛceiling was of ᵛmother-of-pearl with tints of all colors—red, blue, yellow and green.

From the middle of this handsome ceiling hung a large gilded bird cage containing a beautiful bird, which just at this moment was singing a glad song

of welcome to the prince. Harweda, however, cared very little about birds, so he took no notice of the songster.

On every side were costly divans with richly embroidered coverings and soft down pillows.

"Ah," thought the prince, "here I can lounge at my ease, with no one to call me to stupid lessons!"

Wonderfully carved jars and vases of gold and silver stood about the floor, and each was filled with a different kind of perfume.

"This is delicious," said Prince Harweda. "Now I can have all the sweet odors I want without the trouble of going out into the garden for roses or lilies."

In the center of the room was a fountain of sparkling water, which leaped up and fell back into its marble basin with a faint, dreamy music, very pleasant to hear.

On a table near at hand stood baskets of the most tempting pears and grapes and peaches, and near them were dishes of all kinds of sweetmeats.

"Good!" cried the greedy young prince, "that is what I like best of all"; and therewith he fell to eating the fruit and sweetmeats as fast as he could cram them into his mouth.

But, strange to say, no sooner did he reach his hand out for a soft mellow pear or a rich, juicy peach than another pear or peach took its place in the basket. The same thing happened when he helped himself to chocolate drops or marshmallows, or any of the other candies; for, of course, if the palace was enchanted, everything in it was enchanted, too.

After Prince Harweda had eaten until he could eat no more, he threw himself down on one of the couches and soon fell asleep. When he awoke, he noticed for the first time the walls, which, by the way, were really the strangest part of his new home. They had in them twelve long, checkered windows, which reached from the ceiling to the floor. The spaces between the windows were filled with mirrors exactly the same size as the windows, so that the whole room was walled in with windows and looking-glasses.

Through the three windows that faced the north could be seen the far distant mountains. From the three on the south was visible the great ocean, tossing and moving and gleaming with silver and white. The eastern windows gave each morning a view of the sunrise, all golden and pink. The windows on

the west looked out upon a great forest of tall fir trees, and at sunset glorious colors glowed between the dark green branches.

III

But little Prince Harweda cared for none of these beautiful views. In fact, he scarcely glanced out of the windows at all, he was so taken up with the broad handsome mirrors; for in each of them he could see himself, and he was very fond of gazing in looking-glasses. He was much pleased when he noticed that the mirrors were so arranged that he could see himself in several of them at the same time. He could thus see his front and back and each side all together. As he was a handsome boy, he enjoyed these many views of himself ᵛimmensely.

He spent so much time gazing in the wonderful looking-glasses that he had very little use for the books and games which had been placed there for him. Hours were spent each day before first one mirror and then another; and he did not notice that the windows were growing narrower and the mirrors wider. In fact, the windows had become so small that they hardly ᵛadmitted light enough for him to see himself in the looking-glass.

Still, this did not alarm him very much, as he cared nothing whatever for the outside world. The windows at last became mere slits in the wall, and the mirrors grew so large that they reflected not only little Harweda, but all of the room besides in a dim kind of way.

Finally, however, Prince Harweda awoke one morning and found himself in total darkness. Not a ray of light came from the outside; and, of course, not an object in the room could be seen. He rubbed his eyes and sat up to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he called loudly for some one to open a window for him, but no one came.

He got up and groped his way to the iron door and tried to open it; but it was, as you know, locked. He kicked it and beat upon it, but he only bruised his fists and hurt his toes. He grew quite angry now. How dare any one shut him, a prince, in a dark prison like this! He abused his fairy godmother, calling her all sorts of horrid names. Then he blamed his father and mother; in fact, he blamed everybody and everything but himself, but it was of no use. The sound of his own voice was his only answer. The whole of the outside world seemed to have forgotten him.

As he felt his way back to his couch, he knocked over one of the golden jars which had held the liquid perfume; the odor was all gone now, and only an empty jar rolled over the floor. He laid himself down on the divan, but its soft pillows had been removed, and an iron frame-work received him.

He was dismayed and lay for a long time, trying to think what he had best do with himself. All before him was blank darkness, as black as the darkest night you ever saw. He reached out his hand to get some fruit to eat, but only one or two withered apples remained on the table. Was he to starve to death?

Suddenly he noticed that the tinkling music of the fountain had ceased. He hastily groped his way over to it; and he found in place of the dancing, running stream a silent pool of water. A hush had fallen upon everything about him; a dead silence was in the room. He threw himself down upon the floor and wished that he were dead, too.

At last he heard, or thought he heard, a faint sound. He listened eagerly. It seemed to be some tiny creature not far from him, trying to move about. For the first time for nearly a month he remembered the bird in its gilded cage.

"Poor little thing!" he cried as he sprang up; "you, too, are shut within this terrible prison. This thick darkness must be as hard for you to bear as it is for me." He went towards the cage; and as he came near, the bird gave a sad little chirp.

"You must need some water to drink, poor thing!" he said, filling its drinking cup; "this is all I have to give you."

Just then he heard a harsh, grating sound, as of rusty bolts sliding with difficulty out of their sockets; and then faint rays of light, not wider than a hair, began to shine between the heavy mirrors. Prince Harweda was filled with joy.

"Perhaps, perhaps," said he, softly, "I may yet see the light again. Ah, how beautiful the outside world would look to me now!"

IV

The next day he was so hungry that he began to eat one of the old withered apples; and as he bit it, he thought of the bird, his fellow-prisoner.

"You must be hungry, too, poor little thing!" he said, and divided his apple, putting part of it into the bird's cage.

Again came the harsh, grating sound; and the

boy noticed that the cracks of light were growing larger. Still, they were only cracks; nothing of the outside world could be seen. But it was a comfort not to have to grope about in total darkness. Prince Harweda went up to one of the cracks, and putting his eye close to it, as he would to a pinhole in a paper, was glad to find that he could tell the greenness of the grass from the blue of the sky.

"Ah, my pretty bird, my pretty bird!" he cried, joyfully; "I have had a glimpse of the great beautiful outside world, and you shall have it, too."

With these words he climbed up into a chair, and loosening the cage from the golden chain by which it hung, carried it carefully to the nearest crack of light and placed it close to the narrow opening. Once more he heard the harsh, grating sound, and the wall moved a bit; the windows were now at least an inch wide.

At this, the poor prince clasped his hands with delight. He sat down near the bird cage and gazed out of the narrow opening. Never before had the trees looked so tall and stately, or the white clouds floating through the sky so lovely.

The next day, as he was carefully cleaning the bird's cage, the walls again creaked and groaned,

and the mirrors grew narrower as the windows widened. But Prince Harweda saw only the flood of sunshine that poured in and the beauty of the larger landscape. He cared nothing whatever now for the stupid mirrors which could only reflect what was placed before them.

Each day he found something new and beautiful in the view from the narrow windows. Now it was a squirrel frisking about and running up some tall tree trunk so rapidly that Prince Harweda could not follow it with his eyes; again it was a mother bird feeding her young. By this time the windows were a foot wide or more.

One day, as two white doves suddenly soared aloft in the blue sky, the poor little bird who had now become the prince's comrade gave a pitiful little trill.

"Dear little fellow," cried Prince Harweda, "do you also long for your freedom? You shall at least be as free as I am." So saying, he opened the cage door and the bird flew out.

The prince laughed as he watched it flutter about from chair to table and back to chair again. He did not notice that the walls had shaken another time and that the windows were now their full size, until the added light caused him to look around.

He saw the room looking almost exactly as it had the day he entered it with so much pride. It was then splendid; now it seemed close and stuffy. He would gladly have exchanged it for the humblest house in his father's kingdom, where he could meet people and hear them talk.

One day soon after this, the little bird fluttered up against the window-pane and beat his wings against it in a vain effort to get out. A new idea seized the young prince; and, taking up a golden jar, he went to the window and struck on one of its checkered panes of glass with all his force.

"You shall be free, even if I cannot," he said to the bird. Two or three strong blows shivered the small pane, and the bird swept out into the free open air beyond.

"Ah, my pretty one, how glad I am that you are free at last!" cried the prince, watching the flight of his fellow-prisoner. His face was bright with glad, unselfish joy.

The small, pink marble palace shook from top to bottom, the iron door flew open, and the fresh wind from the sea rushed in and seemed to catch the boy in its invisible arms. Prince Harweda could hardly believe his eyes as he sprang to the door. There stood his fairy godmother, smiling, with her hand stretched out toward him.

"Come, my godchild," she said, gently, "we will now go back to your father and mother, the king and queen."

Great indeed was the rejoicing in the palace when Prince Harweda was returned to them a sweet, loving boy, kind and thoughtful to all about him. Many a struggle he had with himself and his old habit of selfishness; but, as time passed by, he grew to be a great and wise king, loving and tenderly caring for all his people, and loved by them in return.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD[1]

I

THERE was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway and ᵛturrets that rose far above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it. The castle was held by a company of knights, which was kept there by the king to help travelers in the forest when they were set upon by the giants.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long ᵛlance, while over his helmet floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful thing about a knight's armor was his shield. These shields were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great ᵛmagician

[1]From "Why the Chimes Rang," Copyright 1908, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

who long ago lived in the castle. These were of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; at other times they were clouded as though by a mist.

At the time each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made. When the shield was new, its surface was always cloudy and dull.

As the knight went about doing service against the giants, or helping poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that finally he could see his face clearly reflected in it. If he proved to be lazy or cowardly, however, and let the giants get the best of him, or did not care what became of travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until at last the knight was ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a hard battle and won the victory, or when he went on some difficult errand for the lord of the castle and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but something very like a golden star appeared in its heart.

This was the greatest honor that a knight could

gain, and the other knights always spoke of him as having "won his star." It was usually not until he had been thoroughly tried as a soldier that he won it. At the time of this story, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered in a body to give battle to the knights. They brought all their best warriors together and encamped in a dark hollow not far from the castle. The knights made ready to go out and fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred, and the air was full of the noise of hammers as armor was repaired. The knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now, there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that glowed like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. Although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine brightly enough to show plainly that he had done his part bravely and well.

The coming battle, he thought, would be the

great opportunity of his life. At dawn on the day of battle, when all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leader, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all. He hoped that he might show of what knightly stuff he was made.

But when the lord of the castle, who was going about in full armor giving his orders, came to Sir Roland, he said, "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle. It is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so cast down that he closed his helmet over his face, that the other knights might not see his disappointment. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow and was reached from the outside by a bridge over the moat which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard

rang a great bell just outside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall to keep any one from crossing the moat.

To-day the battle was to be fought in the dark hollow in the forest, and there would be little to do at the castle gate except watch it like a mere doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might hold this post.

II

Presently all the other knights came out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads and their lances in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped a moment to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then the knights rode into the shadows of the forest and were soon lost to sight.

Long after they had gone Sir Roland stood there, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle with them. But after a while he put this out of his mind and tried to think of pleasanter things. Hours passed before anything happened or word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come

limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now, this knight was not brave, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "and so I cannot fight any more. But I will watch the gate for you, if you wish to go back in my place."

Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at these words, but then he remembered what the commander had told him, and he said, firmly,

"I wish to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight, ashamed when he heard this, turned about and went again into the forest.

Sir Roland kept guard for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle who asked if she might come in and have food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but he would send a servant out to her with food, and she might sit and rest as long as she wished.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is raging," said the old woman.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," she said. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I think you had best go and help your friends."

"I wish to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle and may not leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when all are weary with fighting," said the old woman. "While there are no enemies here, you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman, "that you are one of those knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry and thought that if she were only a man instead of a woman, he would soon show whether he liked fighting or not. But it was a woman, so he shut his lips and set his

teeth hard together. Just then the servant came with the food he had sent for. He gave it to the old woman quickly and shut the gate, that she might not talk to him any more.

III

It was not long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak.

"Why are you calling?" he asked. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" inquired the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants and there is a chance for you to make yourself the greatest knight in the kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

With these words, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if covered with diamonds.

"This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and

it belongs to you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it, the giants will fall back, your leader will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight—the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed wonderful that it should be brought to him, and he reached out his hand as though to take it. The little old man came forward to cross the drawbridge into the castle.

As he did so, it occurred to Sir Roland that the bridge and the gateway had been entrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, who stopped still. The stranger waved the shining sword in the air again, and said, "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword or listened any further to the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge.

Instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it or Sir Roland go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of the giant enemies, who had changed himself through some magic power, in order to make his way into the castle while all the knights were away.

The young knight shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and knowing that he could do nothing more, went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were

with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy.

As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. He gave the signal to let down the drawbridge and went out to meet them. They were dusty and blood-stained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it was such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed over the bridge, and then when he had closed the gate and fastened it, followed them into the great hall of the castle. The commander took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give an account of his day's service.

The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out,

"The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

All turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know the meaning of the cries. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center

of Sir Roland's shield. Never before had there been such amazement in the castle.

The young knight knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was looking at him so excitedly.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice for surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day. When he had finished, the knights looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they gazed again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was shining brighter than ever.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

The others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star. —Raymond MacDonald Alden.

THE CHAMPION OF FRANCE[1]

I

Long, long ago England and France were fighting a great war. In those days knights and men-at-arms, clad in armor, fought with lances, battle-axes and swords instead of with guns and cannon as we do to-day. The war went on year after year, and the beautiful fields of France were laid waste far and wide. At this time Edward, Prince of Wales, the "Black Prince," as he was called, led the English forces in France. England had taken from the French the southern part of the country, known as Gascony, and the knights of Gascony had come at last to serve with the English against the rest of the French and the French king.

[1]From "The White Company," by Conan Doyle, Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers. By special permission.

In knighthood times the world was filled with gallant warriors, who fought each other in battle and in tournament, but the best and bravest of all the knights then living—the best knight that ever lived—was the Frenchman, Bertrand du Guesclin. He had done such deeds of courage on many and many a battlefield that he was famous in every land, and even the English, his enemies, held him in high respect.

The Black Prince gave a great tournament at the chief city in Gascony, in which all the knights who followed him, both Gascon and English, were invited to take part. Five English knights declared that they would fight against five Gascon knights for a magnificent prize the prince offered, and the news was carried through all the land. The country folk flocked into town by thousands to see the great tournament, which was to be held in a level field where rows and rows of seats had been built to accommodate the crowds of people. All the men of prominence and all the beautiful women of the country came to see the tournament, of which Prince Edward himself took charge.

Among the knights who had recently come from England to seek adventure and serve in the war, was

Sir Nigel Loring. Sir Nigel was a little man, but he was considered the best swordsman of England and he was selected to be one of the five English knights that were to fight the five Gascon knights. The Gascons had searched the whole land to find five knights who might match the English champions.

An enormous crowd covered the plain. The prince from his high seat looked down on a dark sea of heads, brightened here and there by the colored hoods of the women, or by the sparkling helmets of archers and men-at-arms. In the center of the vast assembly, the lists seemed but a narrow strip of green marked out with banners and streamers. In front of their tents sat the knights who were to do battle, with their helmets on their knees, while their war-horses, also clad in armor, champed their bits in the rear.

It had been decided that each knight should ride singly against another knight on the opposite side, and that all of the knights should ride three times. The party which won the greater number of these single encounters would be declared the victor, while the knight who bore himself best would win the prince's prize, a golden goblet.

II

At length all was ready. The knights, mounted on their steeds and covered with their armor, rode into the lists. Sir John Chandos, the marshal of the tournament, asked the prince for permission to begin.

The prince nodded and the trumpets rang out, while the champions rode forth, one after the other, each meeting his opponent in the center of the lists. The English knight, Sir William Beecham, went down heavily on the ground before the practised lance of a big Gascon. The second English knight won the advantage over the second Gascon knight, and the next Englishman struck the third Gascon from the saddle. A burly knight, however, restored the hopes of the Gascons, by beating to the earth his English opponent. So far there was little to choose between the two sides.

"Who comes next for England, Sir John?" asked Prince Edward, in a voice which quivered with excitement.

"Sir Nigel Loring, sire."

"Ha! he is a man of good courage and skilled in the use of all weapons."

"He is indeed, sire. But his eyes, like my own,

are the worse for the wars. Yet he can tilt or fight with sword as well as ever. I have heard that he has a sideboard at home which groans beneath the prizes he has won."

"I pray that my cup may join them," said the prince. "But here is the cavalier whom Sir Nigel fights and he looks like a soldier of great valor."

Amid a loud flourish of trumpets, the last of the opposing knights rode into the lists. He was a man of great size, clad in black armor without ornament of any kind. A white mantle fluttered behind him, on the left side of which was marked a black cross edged with silver. Mounted on a horse as large and as black as himself, he cantered slowly forward, with none of those prancings by which a cavalier usually showed his command over his steed. Gravely and sternly he inclined his head to the prince, and took his place at the further end of the lists.

He had scarcely done so before Sir Nigel rode out from the English group, and galloping at full speed down the lists, drew his charger up before the prince's stand with a jerk which threw it back upon its haunches. With white armor, ornamented shield, and plume of ostrich feathers in his helmet, he car-

ried himself in so jaunty and joyous a fashion that a shout of applause ran the full circle of the field. With the air of a man who hastens to a festival, he waved his lance in salute, and reining the pawing horse round without letting its fore-feet touch the ground, he hastened back to his station. At the same time the Gascon leveled his lance.

III

A great hush fell over the huge multitude as the last two champions faced each other. Their party's honor as well as their personal fame was at stake. Both were famous warriors, but they had never before crossed lances. A course between two such men would have been enough in itself to cause the keenest interest, apart from its being the event which would decide who should be the victors of the day.

For a moment they waited—the Gascon somber and still, Sir Nigel quivering with eagerness and fiery resolution. Then, amid a long-drawn breath from the onlookers, the glove fell from the marshal's hand, and the two steel-clad horsemen met like a thunder-clap in front of the royal stand. The Gascon, though he reeled for an instant before the

thrust of the Englishman, struck his opponent so fairly upon the vizor that the laces burst, the plumed helmet flew to pieces, and Sir Nigel galloped on down the lists bare-headed.

The English knight was not a man to be cast down by a reverse. He spurred back to his tent, and was out in a few instants with another helmet. The second course was so equal that the keenest judges could not make out any difference. Each knight struck fire from the other's shield, and each met the shock as though welded to the horse beneath him. In the final bout, however, Sir Nigel struck his opponent with so true an aim that the point of the lance caught between the bars of his vizor and tore out the front of his helmet. The Gascon, aiming somewhat low and half-stunned by the shock, had the misfortune to strike his adversary on the leg, which was against the rules of tournaments.

A roar of applause from the English soldiers told that the balance of victory lay with their side. Already the ten champions had come together in front of the prince for the prize-giving, when a harsh bugle-call from the further end of the lists drew all eyes to a new arrival.

Two men had ridden into the field. The first was a knight in full armor, mounted on a brown horse with a white spot on its forehead. He was a short man of great breadth of shoulder, with vizor closed and no ornament on his simple white cloak or plain black shield.

The other, who was his squire and attendant, was unarmed, save for a helmet on his head, but bore in his right hand a very long and heavy oaken spear which belonged to his master. In his left hand the squire held not only the reins of his own horse, but those of a great black war-horse, fully harnessed, which trotted along at his side. Both men were gray with the dust of long travel, and their horses were foam-covered. Thus the three horses and their two riders rode swiftly into the lists, and it was the blare of the trumpet sounded by the squire as his lord came into the field which had broken in upon the prize-giving and drawn away the attention of the crowd.

"Ha! Sir John," cried the prince, craning his neck, "who is this cavalier, and what is it that he desires?"

"On my word, sire," replied Chandos, with the utmost surprise on his face, "it is my opinion that he is a Frenchman."

"A Frenchman!" repeated the prince. "And how can you tell that when he is in plain armor?"

"By the armor, sire. It is rounder at elbow and at shoulder than any of Gascony or of England. Italian he might be if his helmet sloped more, but I know that that helmet was welded in France. Here comes his squire, however."

IV

As he spoke the attendant cantered up, and, halting his steed in front of the royal stand, blew a second blast on his bugle. He was a raw-boned, dark-faced man, with black, bristling hair and a courageous manner. Having sounded his call, he pushed his way between the groups of English and Gascon knights, reining up within a spear's length of the royal party.

"I come," he shouted in a thick, hoarse voice, "as squire and herald from my master, who is a brave warrior and a subject of the great and powerful monarch, Charles, King of the French. My master has heard that there is tilting here, so he has come to ask that some English cavalier will run with him a course with sharpened lances, or meet him with sword or battle-ax. He is ready now,

although his horse has traveled many miles this day, for we were in fear lest we arrive too late."

"Ye have indeed come too late," said the prince, "seeing that the prize is about to be given; yet I doubt not that one of these gentlemen will run a course with this cavalier of France."

"And as to the prize, sire," said Sir Nigel, "I am sure that I speak for all when I say that this French knight hath our leave to bear it away with him if he can fairly win it."

"Take word of this to your master," said the prince to the squire, "and ask him which of these Englishmen he would desire to meet. But stay; we have not yet heard your master's name."

"My master, sire," answered the squire, "is under vow not to open his vizor until he is back on French ground once more."

"Yet what certainty have we," asked the prince, "that he is not some evil knight, the very touch of whose lance would bring disgrace on an honorable gentleman?"

"It is not so, sire," cried the squire, earnestly. "There is no man on earth who would lower himself by breaking a lance with my master."

"You speak boldly," the prince returned, "but

[See p. 291]

He Whirled Out of the Saddle and Rolled Over and Over

unless I know something more of your master, I cannot match my choicest knights against him."

"Then, sire," said the Frenchman, "I was bidden by my master to ask you whether you would consent, if Sir John Chandos, upon hearing my master's name, should tell you that he is a man with whom even you might tilt without loss of honor?"

"I ask no better," replied the prince.

The squire stooped down on his horse and whispered something into Sir John Chandos' ear which made him start with surprise and stare with much curiosity at the knight who sat his charger at the further end of the field.

"Is this indeed true?" he demanded.

"By my honor, it is true!"

"I might have known it," said Chandos, twisting his mustache and still looking thoughtfully at the cavalier.

"What then, Sir John?" asked the prince.

"Sire, this is a knight whom it is indeed great honor to meet, and I ask your grace to give me leave to run a course with him," said Chandos.

"Nay, nay, Sir John, you have gained as much honor as one man may bear," Prince Edward answered. "But I pray you, squire, to tell your master

that he is right welcome, and that wine and spices will be served him if he would refresh himself before tilting."

"My master will not drink," said the squire.

"Let him then name the gentleman with whom he would break a spear."

"He would fight with these five knights, each to choose the weapon that pleases him best," the Frenchman replied.

"I see," said the prince, "that your master is a man of high courage. But the sun is low in the west and there will scarce be daylight for the courses. I pray you, gentlemen, to take your places, that we may see whether this stranger's deeds are as bold as his words."

V

The unknown knight had sat like a statue of steel, looking neither to the right nor to the left during this talk. He now changed from the horse on which he had ridden to the powerful black charger which his squire had led beside him. His immense breadth, his stern appearance, and the way in which he handled his shield and lance were enough to convince the thousands of watching people that he was a dangerous foe.

An English knight rode forward.

"Sir William Beecham?" said the prince. "He is a good knight, but I fear that he is scarce firm enough in the saddle to bear the thrust of this new tilter."

These words speedily came true. Beecham struck his opponent a stout blow on the helmet, but was met with so frightful a thrust that he whirled out of the saddle and rolled over and over on the ground. The second English knight met with little better success, for his shield was split, and he himself wounded slightly in the side. The third Englishman and the unknown knight struck each other fairly on the helmet, but the stranger sat as firm and rigid as ever on his charger, while the Englishman was almost thrown from his horse by the weight of the blow and had galloped half-way down the lists ere he recovered himself. The fourth English knight, who chose the battle-ax as his weapon, was beaten to the ground and carried senseless to his tent.

These rapid successes, gained one after the other over four celebrated warriors, worked the crowd up to a pitch of wonder and admiration. Thunders of applause from the English soldiers, as well as from

the town-folk and countrymen, showed how far their love of brave and knightly deeds could rise above the desire to see their own side successful.

"I thought not that there was any single arm on earth which could have overthrown these four knights," said the prince. "Here is Sir Nigel Loring. He is the last, and he fights with sword."

"I doubt not that he will need all his skill to-day," said Sir John Chandos.

As he spoke, the combatants advanced in full armor with their two-handed swords on their shoulders. The stranger walked rather heavily, while the English knight moved as briskly as if there were no iron shell to weigh down his limbs.

At four paces distant they halted and fell to work with a clatter and clang, as if two sturdy smiths were busy on their anvils. Up and down went the long shining blades, round and round they circled in curves of glimmering light, crossing and meeting, with flash of sparks at every blow.

Here and there bounded Sir Nigel, his head erect, his jaunty plume fluttering in the air, while his dark opponent sent in crashing blow upon blow, following up fiercely with cut and with thrust, but never once getting past Sir Nigel's skilled blade.

The crowd roared with delight as Sir Nigel would stoop his head to avoid a blow, or by a slight movement of his body allow some terrible thrust to glance harmlessly past him.

Suddenly, however, his time came. The Frenchman, whirling up his sword, showed for an instant a chink between his shoulder-piece and the armor guarding his upper arm. In dashed Sir Nigel and out again so swiftly that the eye could not follow the quick play of his blade, but a trickle of blood from the stranger's shoulder showed where the thrust had taken effect. The wound was but a slight one, however, and the Frenchman was about to renew the attack, when, at a signal from the prince, Chandos threw down his glove and the attendants struck up the weapons of the fighters and brought the contest to a close.

VI

"It were time to check it," said the prince, smiling, "for Sir Nigel is too good a man to lose, and if one of those blows came home I should have fears for our champion. Bring the strange knight hither, Chandos. Such a man must not go from my court without rest or refreshment. If the Lord

Loring has given up his claim on the prize, it is proper and right for this knight to carry it to France as a sign of the deeds he has done to-day."

The unknown knight galloped forward to the royal stand, with a silken kerchief bound round his wounded arm. Pulling up his steed, he slightly inclined his head and sat in the stern, unmoved fashion in which he had borne himself throughout, heedless of the applause and the fluttering kerchiefs of the women.

"Sir Knight," said the prince, "we have all wondered this day at the great skill and valor which God hath given you. Tarry for a time at our court, at least until your hurt is healed and your horses are rested."

"My hurt is nothing, sire, nor are my horses weary," replied the stranger in a deep voice.

"Will you not at least go back to town with us and drink a cup of wine and sup at our table?"

"I will neither drink your wine nor sit at your table," came the reply. "I bear no love for you or for your race, and there is naught I wish at your hands until the day when I see the last sail that bears you back to your island vanishing against the western sky."

"These are bitter words, Sir Knight," said Prince Edward, with an angry frown.

"And they come from a bitter heart," answered the unknown knight. "How long is it since there has been peace in my unhappy country? Where are the orchards and vineyards that made France fair? Where are the cities that made her great? Is it not a by-word that a man may ride all day in our sad land without seeing a roofed house or hearing a chicken crow? Does not one fair kingdom content you, that you should strive so for another which loves you not? A Frenchman's words may well be bitter, for bitter is his lot and bitter his thoughts as he rides through his country."

With a soldierly salute, the knight wheeled round his horse, and galloping down the lists, disappeared amid the dense crowd of footmen and horsemen who were leaving the tournament.

VII

Three days later Sir Nigel Loring and his attendants rode out from the city to view the land. They found on all sides the awful destruction of war. The whole face of the country was scarred and ugly, covered with black blotches of burned

farm-houses, and the gray ruins of what had once been fine mansions. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges—look where you might, the signs of ruin met the eye. Moodily and in silence, the little party rode along the narrow track, their hearts saddened by this land of despair.

Through such a country did the party ride for a number of miles, until the sun began to slope down in the west and the shadows to lie across the road in front of them. Wary and careful they must be, for this was a no-man's-land, and there were robbers to be met everywhere. It was a relief to Sir Nigel, therefore, when he saw some distance down the road a square white house, with a great bunch of holly hung out at the end of a stick from a window.

"I am right glad!" he said. "Run on, lad, and tell this innkeeper that an English knight and his party will lodge with him."

The boy spurred on to the inn. No one was to be seen, so he pushed open the door and called loudly for the landlord. Three times he shouted, but receiving no reply, he opened an inner door and entered the chief guest-room of the inn.

A fire crackled and sputtered on the open grate at the further end of the chamber. At one side of the fire sat a lady, her face turned toward the door. The fire-light played over her features, and the boy thought that he had never seen such queenly power, such dignity and strength, on a woman's face.

In the opposite corner there sat a very burly and broad-shouldered man, clad in a black garment trimmed with fur, and with a black velvet cap on his head. A flask of wine stood at his elbow, and he seemed to be much at ease, for his feet were stuck up on a stool and he was cracking nuts with his strong white teeth. As the lad gazed at him, he turned his face half round and looked at the intruder over his shoulder. It seemed to the young Englishman that he had never seen so singular a face, for the eyes were of the lightest green, the nose was broken and the whole countenance was scarred with wounds. But these marks of war only added to the majesty and greatness of his look.

"Young man," said he, "I know not who you may be, and I desire to take my ease. But if I did not, I would lay my dog-whip across your shoulders for daring to fill the air with your unmannerly shouts."

VIII

Taken back at this ungentle speech and hardly knowing how to answer it fitly in the presence of the lady, the English lad stood with his fingers on the handle of the door, while Sir Nigel and his companions dismounted. At the sound of these fresh voices and of the language in which they spoke, the stranger threw his dish of nuts down on the floor and began himself to call for the landlord until the whole house echoed with his roarings. With a white face, the host came running at the call, his hands shaking and his hair standing up with fear.

"For the sake of God, sirs," he whispered to the newcomers, "speak him fair and do not rouse him! Be gentle with him!"

"Who is this, then?" asked Sir Nigel.

The English boy was about to explain when a fresh roar from the stranger interrupted him.

"Thou villain innkeeper," he shouted, "did I not ask you when I brought my lady here, whether your inn was clean?"

"You did, sire."

"And you answered me?"

"That it is."

"Yet ere I have been here an hour I find English-

men within it. Where are we to be free from this race? Can a Frenchman upon French land not sit down in a French inn without having his ears pained by their hideous talk? Send them packing, innkeeper, or it may be worse for them and for you."

"I will, sire, I will," cried the frightened host. "Indeed, gentlemen, you had best go," he said, turning to the English party. "It is but six miles to another inn."

"Nay," answered Sir Nigel, "I will not go until I have seen more of this person. What is his name?"

"I beg and pray you, gentlemen, to go," said the innkeeper, "for I know not what might come of it, if his rage masters him."

"This is certainly a man of merit," said the knight. "Give him greeting from Sir Nigel Loring, and say that I will meet him with lance, sword or battle-ax, as he likes best."

The landlord was hesitating whether to carry this message or no, when the door of the inner room was flung open and the stranger bounded out, like a panther from his den, his hair bristling and his face drawn with rage.

"Still here?" he snarled. "Dogs of England, must ye be lashed hence? My sword!"

He turned to seize his weapon, but as he did so his gaze fell on Sir Nigel's painted shield and he stood staring, while the fire in his strange green eyes softened into a sly and merry twinkle.

"'Zounds!" cried he, "it is the little swordsman with whom I fought. I should remember that shield, seeing that it is but three days since I looked on it at the tournament. Ah! Sir Nigel, Sir Nigel! you owe me a return for this," and he touched his right arm, which was bound around just under the shoulder with a silken kerchief.

But the surprise of the stranger at the sight of Sir Nigel was as nothing compared to the astonishment and the delight which shone upon the face of the English knight as he looked on the strange face of the Frenchman. Twice he opened his mouth and twice he peered again, as if to assure himself that his eyes had not played him a trick.

"Bertrand!" he gasped at last. "*Bertrand du Guesclin!*"

"It is well," shouted the French soldier, with a hoarse roar of laughter; "it is well that I should ride with my vizor down, for he who has once seen my face needs not to be told my name. It is indeed I, Sir Nigel, and here is my hand! I give you my

word that there are but three Englishmen in this world whom I would touch save with the sharp edge of the sword. The prince is one, Chandos is another and you are the third. I have heard much good of you."

"I am growing aged and am somewhat spent in the wars," said Sir Nigel, "but I may lay by my sword now with an easy mind, for I can say that I have crossed blades with him who hath the bravest heart and the strongest arm in this great kingdom of France—ay! or in the whole world, for that matter. I have longed for it, I have dreamed of it, and now I can scarce bring my mind to understand that this great honor hath indeed been mine!"

In such fashion did Sir Nigel Loring learn that he had fought a good fight against the knight of knights.

—A. Conan Doyle (abridged).

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING

When banners are waving,
And lances a-pushing;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
The heathen are coming;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running;
Maidens and ᵛmatrons all
Arm! arm! are crying,
From ᵛpetards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing;

As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon!
I look from the turret
For ᵛcrescent and ᵛpennon:
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

a bil′ i ty: skill; power; talent.
ab′ sent: being away; not present; missing.
a bund′ ant ly: plentifully; amply; in full measure.
a buse (**a būs′**): rough treatment; injury.
ac cused′: charged with a fault or offense; blamed.
ac quaint ed (a kwānt′): made known.
ac′ tual ly: really; in fact.
Ad e laide (-lād): a proper name.
ad join′ ing: next to; near by.
ad mit′ ted: let in.
a dopt′ ed: taken as one's own.
Al ge ri a (Al je′ ri a): a country in Africa.
Al lah (Ăl′ ä): a name given God by Mohammedans.
alms (ämz): a gift of charity.
am bi tion (-bĭsh′ ŭn): eager desire for honor or power.
a nem o ne (ą nĕm′ ŏ nē): a plant of the crowfoot family, having flowers without petals.
An to′ ni o Ca no′ va: a celebrated sculptor.
a part′ ment: a set of rooms.
ap′ pli cant: one who asks for a place.
ap prov al (-proov′ ăl): admiration; act of approving.
arch′ er: one who uses the bow and arrow.
arch′ ing: covering with an arch.
ar chi tect (är′ kĭ tekt): one who plans and oversees the construction of buildings, etc.
ar′ mor: a steel covering worn to protect one in battle.
a roused′: excited; stirred; deeply moved.
ar ti fi′ cial: made by art; not natural.
as cend′ ed: mounted; rose.
as sem′ bled: met together.
at tempt′: trial; endeavor.
at tend′ ant: one who stays near.
au′ di ence-chamber: room in which a formal hearing is held.
au′ thor: writer.
a venged′: satisfaction received for wrong.
awk′ ward: clumsy.

bade (băd): ordered; commanded.

Bal tha zar (-thä′): one of the three wise men.

bar′ ren: not fruitful; not producing useful vegetation.

bar′ ter: trade; act of trading.

bay ou (bī′ o͞o): a shallow kind of lake or inlet frequently found in Louisiana.

beam: a timber, or support of a building.

ben′ e fits: favors; gifts.

Ber trand du Gues clin (ga klan′.)

blare: the harsh noise of a trumpet.

blast′ ed: ruined; blighted.

hon′ nie: good looking; gay.

boo′ ty: plunder; any rich gain.

borne: carried.

bowl′ der: a rounded or worn mass of rock.

Brah′ man: a Hindu of the highest class.

brew′ er: one who prepares a drink (as ale); one who steeps or boils hops.

brig′ a dier general: an officer in command of a brigade, ranking next above a colonel.

brine: salt water.

Brit′ ish ers: people of Great Britain; the English soldiers.

bull's eye: center of a target.

bur den: load.

Bunk er Hill: scene of a battle in the Revolutionary War.

bur′ nished: polished.

cadi (cä′-): a magistrate or judge.

can teen′: a small flask used by soldiers for carrying liquids.

cav′ ern: a large cave.

ceil′ ing: the overhead covering of a room.

cel′ e brate: to keep as a holiday; to commemorate; to honor with feasting.

cel e brat ed: (distinguished; renowned.)

chal′ lenge: a dare; an invitation to combat.

chis′ el: a tool used in cutting wood, stone, etc.

Ci anne (See ăn′).

clev er: quick-witted; intelligent; bright.

clothes press: a place for keeping clothes, as a wardrobe.

com mend′ ed: praised.

col′ umn: a line of soldiers, perhaps a thousand in number, moving ten or twenty abreast.

con demned′: ordered to be punished, as to be put to death.

Con fed′er ate: in this case, the Southern soldiers in the War between the States.

con fine′ment: keeping within doors.

con grat′ u late: to express pleasure at a friend's good fortune.

con tempt′ i ble: mean; hateful; cowardly.

con′ test: struggle for victory.

con test′ ant: one who takes part in a contest or game.

Co pen hagen (cō pen hā′ gen): the capital of Denmark.

count: a lord; a nobleman.

count ess: wife of a count or lord.

court plas ter: sticking plaster used for cuts, wounds, etc.

cove: a sheltered inlet.

craft: skill.

crane: an iron arm projecting from back of fireplace, for supporting kettle.

cre at′ ed: made; brought into being.

cre a′ tion: that which is made.

cres′ cent: new moon, or a picture of it.

crim′ i nal: one who has seriously broken the law.

cro′ cus: a bulbous plant of the iris family.

crys′ tal: clear; glass of fine quality.

cube: a regular solid of six equal square sides.

cul′ prit: one guilty of a crime or fault; a person under arrest.

cu′ ri os′ i ty: disposition to inquire into anything.

dal′ lies: to act playfully; to delay.

del′ i cate ly: slightly.

de′ mon: evil spirit; devil.

de scent′: fall.

de scribed′: given account of; told about.

de serve′: merit.

des′ o late: deserted; ruined; barren.

des′ per ate ly: furiously.

de spond′ ing: saddening; disheartening.

de vo′ tion: zeal; act of worship.

dis′ cip line: order; obedience to rules.

disk: a flat round plate; the figure of a heavenly body, as the sun at sunset.

dis guised′: appearance changed in order to be taken for some one else.
dis mayed′: frightened; terrified.
dis played′: spread out; unfolded; shown.
di vans′: sofas; lounges.
doe-skin: skin of female deer.
doomed: condemned.
draw-bridge: a bridge which can be moved out of place, in order to prevent passing.
dry′ad: a wood nymph.
dun′geon: a close dark prison, usually underground.
dwelt: lived; resided.

ea′ger ly: earnestly; with great desire.
ea′ger ness: earnestness.
ed′u cat ed: instructed; trained; taught.
ef fect′: result.
ef′forts: labors; attempts.
Ei chen fels (ī′ ken fels): a castle in Europe.
el′e gant: handsome; refined; costly.
em bar′rass ment: confusion.
em′er ald: a precious stone of a green color.
en tice′: to lure; to draw on.
en trust′: to deliver something in trust; to confide.
e′qual: exactly the same; no more, no less.
e vents′: occurrences; happenings.
ev′i dent ly: plainly; clearly.
ex′cel lent: good; of merit or worth.
ex′pe di′tion: an excursion; a journey for some important object.
ex pense′: cost.
ex plor′ing: searching, or ranging for discovery.
ex pos′ure: want of shelter or protection.
ex pres′sion: a word which tells of a thought or feeling.
ex ult′ ing: triumphant.

Fa lie ro (Fa lee′ ro)
fa mil′iar: well-known; accustomed.
fa′mous: well-known; celebrated.
fast′ ed: went without food.
fate: fortune; appointed lot.
fe′vered: greatly excited.
Finn-Ma lin (-Ma lēēn′)
flint′y: hard; rocky.
foe man: an enemy.
fore fath er: an ancestor; a grandfather or great grandfather.

for′ mer ly: in time past; of old.
fra′ grant: sweet-scented.
fran′ tic: wild; terribly excited.
fruit age: fruit.
fu′ ry: violent anger; rage.

fu′ ture: time which is to come.
gal′ ler y: a high platform; a balcony; a porch.
gen′ er ous: liberal in giving.
gen ius (jeen′ yus): one endowed with power or talent.
glen: a narrow valley.
gra cious ly: in a kind and agreeable way.
green sward: turf green with grass.
grim′ ly: in a grim, stern manner.
groped: felt one's way.
gui don (gi′): a small flag for guiding.

hard ship: that which is hard to bear; lack of necessities.
Har we da (Har way′ da): a proper name.
head′ quar ters: residence of a chief officer or general.
heir: (air) one who inherits.
he pat′ i ca: a plant of the crowfoot family, having white, pink, or purple flowers.
her′ mit: a pious man who lives far from other people.
he′ ro: the principal male person in a story; a man who shows great courage.
her′ o ine: the principal female character in a story; a woman of great courage.
her on (hêr′-): a wading bird with long neck and legs and soft plumage.
hes′ i ta′ ted: paused; stopped.
hes′ i ta′ tion: act of hesitating; uncertainty; pausing.
hewn: cut.
hil′ lock: a small hill.
hoard: a saving laid by; treasure.
home′ spun: spun or woven at home.
ho ri zon (hō rī′ zun): the line where earth and sky seem to meet.
host: one who entertains another.
hos′ tile: showing ill will; the spirit of an enemy.
hos′ pi tal′ i ty: kind reception of strangers or guests.

im′ age: a likeness or picture, formed by reflection, as in a mirror.
im ag′ ine: supposed; fancied
im mense′ ly: hugely.

in' cense: perfume from spices or gums.

In di an Sum mer: a period of mild weather in late autumn or early winter.

in hab' i tant: a permanent resident.

in her' i tance: a valuable possession or blessing received by gift.

in jure: (in' jŏor) hurt; wrong.

in sist' ed: held to something firmly.

in sult': treat badly; affront.

in ti mate (in' ti mat) : familiar.

in vis' i ble: not to be seen.

isle: island.

is' sued: sent out; published.

Johanna Maria (Jo han' na Ma ree' a).

keel: the bottom of a vessel.

ken' nel: house for dogs.

knap sack: a satchel carried by soldiers on the back.

lance: a spear with long shaft and steel head.

land scape: a portion of land within one's view.

lank y: tall; spare.

Lat in: the language of ancient Rome.

lav' ish: generous.

ledge: a narrow shelf that projects from a ridge or reef of rock.

lib' er ty: freedom.

lin' gers: remains; to be slow in parting or going.

Lise (Leez):

lists: the place where archery contests were held, or where knights rode against each other in tournaments.

lit ter: a couch with shafts, for carrying passengers; usually covered and curtained.

loy al: faithful; true.

lu' na tic: a madman; a crazy person.

lux' u ry: an extravagance; the having of fine things that are unnecessary.

ma gi' cian: a conjurer; one who does wonderful things.

mag nif' i cent ly: splendidly.

marks' man ship: ability to shoot well.

mart: market.

Marye's Heights (Mā rees' Hits).

mast: the long pole which carries the sail of a vessel.

Mas sa chu' setts: a New England State.

ma' tron: a wife or widow; a person in charge of an institution.

Mel chi or (mel′ ki or); one of the three wise men.

mel′ o dy: agreeable sounds; tune; music.

men ag′ er ie: a collection of wild animals in cages for show.

mink: an animal related to the weasels.

mi′ ser ly: covetous; saving.

moat: a deep, wide ditch around a castle, usually filled with water.

mod′ est ly: quietly.

mon′ arch: (-ark): ruler.

Mon da min (-dä′-).

monk: a religious man living apart from the world.

mor al: a lesson.

moth er-of-pearl: the hard pearly inside layer of pearl oysters.

Mus ta pha (-tä fa′): an Arab sheik, or ruler.

myr′ i ads: an immense or indefinitely large number.

myrrh (mur): a fragrant resin, or scented substance.

nat′ u ral ly: in a natural manner.

ne ces′ si ty: urgent reason.

neg lect′ ed: failed to give attention; slighted.

ob jec′ tion: difficulty; disapproval.

oint′ ment: a soft substance used to anoint; a salve.

op pressed′: crushed by abuse of power; weighed down.

or′ di na ry: common; usual.

or′ na ment: an adornment; a fine article.

out′ law: one who has not the protection of the law.

pal′ ette: the board which holds an artist's colors.

par′ al lel: lying in the same direction; level with.

pa′ tri ot′ ic: full of patriotism, or love of country.

ped′ dler: one who goes about with things to sell.

pee′ vish: showing ill nature or temper.

pen′ al ty: punishment; a fine for crime or offense.

pen′ non: a flag or banner.

per chance′: perhaps; possibly.

per′ se cu′ ted: pursued so as to injure; harassed.

pe′ tard: a kind of bomb; an explosive.

pheas ant (fez′ ant): a large, long-tailed, brilliantly colored bird.

phy si′ cian: a doctor of medicine.

Pi sa no (Pee zä′-).

plac ard: (plăk′ ard): a notice posted in a public place.

plas ter: a paste used for molding.

pledge: a promise; a guarantee.

plum age (plōōm′ ăg): feathers of a bird.

plun′ der: spoil.

por′ ti co: a large porch.

pre serve′: protect; save.

pre sume′: suppose.

pre tend′ ed: made believe.

prey: any animal seized by another to be devoured; a victim.

pried [illegible]ised or moved with a pr[illegible] lever.

priv′ [illegible]**e:** a thing granted a a [illegible]jar favor.

pro [illegible]**′ ing:** announcing st[illegible]; declaring.

prof [illegible] benefit; gain; earn in[illegible]

pro[illegible]**cy:** prediction; something foretold.

pro [illegible]**ed′:** offered for consideration; purposed; intended.

pur′ pose ly: with purpose; intentionally.

puz′ zle: something hard to solve.

[illegible] considerable [illegible] good deal.

rank: important position.

ran′ som: a fine demanded for a captive.

rap′ ture: ecstasy; exceeding joy.

reb′ el: one who rebels, or refuses to obey.

re bel′: to resist something; to refuse obedience.

re flect′ ed: mirrored; shown as in a looking-glass.

re gent (rē′-): one who rules while the king is a child.

reign: the rule; the time during which a sovereign governs.

re mark′ a bly: uncommonly; wonderfully.

rend′ ing: splitting; breaking; tearing.

re new′: to begin again; to start once more.

re nown′: the being well-known; fame; reputation.

re pose′: to lie at rest; rest; be quiet.

re proached′: rebuked; blamed.

rep′ u ta′ tion: estimation in which one is held.

rev′ er end: worthy of high regard or worship.

Rev′ o lu′ tion ary War: War between the American colonies and England.

Rhoe cus (Rhee′ cus):

rogu er y (rō′ ger ĭ): practices of a rogue; playful mischievousness.

rud′ dy: red or reddish; having a healthy reddish color.

ruff′ led: low vibrating beat of a drum.

rug′ ged: rough; jagged.

sa′ ber: a curved sword used by cavalry soldiers.

sac ri fice (sac′ ra fiz): to give up; to offer for some purpose.

sal va′ tion (-shun): act of saving or delivering from evil.

samp: coarse hominy.

scep′ ter: a staff used by a sovereign as an emblem of authority.

scorn′ ful ly: contemptuously; with scorn or contempt.

sculp′ tor: one who sculptures or makes statues and other works of art by means of the chisel.

sculp′ ture: act or art of sculpturing; to form with chisel.

se cure′ (adj.): safe.

Se lim (See′ lim).

sen′ ti nel: a watch or guard.

ser′ aph: a heavenly being.

Shakes peare: an English poet.

sharp-shoot er: a good marksman; an expert rifleman.

sheath (shēth): covering; a covering part, as of a leaf.

She ba (Shē′ ba): ancient country in Arabia.

sheik (shēk); an Arab chief or ruler.

shield: defense; shelter.

shil ling: a British silver coin, worth about 25 cents in United States money.

sig′ nal: a sign.

sire: father; title of respect paid a ruler or great man.

skir′ mish: a small fight in war; a fight not severe enough to be called a battle.

sleeping-draught: a potion (or dose) given to produce sleep.

snubbed: slighted; treated without respect.

sock′ et: a cavity or opening made to hold some correspondingly shaped piece, as a bolt.

sore′ ly: very much; extremely.

span′ i el (-yel): a long haired dog.

spell: magic power; enchantment.

spoil: plunder; stolen goods
squall: a sudden violent gust.
stal′ wart: stout; strong.
stanch (staunch): loyal; steadfast; to stop or check, as flow of blood.
state ly: grand; important; showing dignity.
states man: a man who shows wisdom in dealing with public affairs; a leader in a government.
stew ard: one who manages a place belonging to somebody else.
Stock holm (Stock′ m): the capital city of Sweden.
stretch: a continuous surface of land; a long tract of land.
strife: conflict; fight.
stu pid′ i ty: lack of sense; foolishness.
stur′ dy: strong; stout; firm.
surged: swelled; rose high; swept.
sur rend′er: yielding; giving up.
sus pect′ ing: imagining; doubting; thinking badly of some one.
swad dling band: cloth wrapped around a new-born infant (swaddling bands).
swag′ ger ing: walking and acting pompously.
Swe′ dish: pertaining to Sweden, a country in Europe.
sweet′ meats: fruits preserved with sugar.
swirl′ ing: moving with a whirling motion.
sym′ pa thiz ing: feeling or showing sympathy.

tan′ gle: a confused mass.
tat′ tered: ragged; torn.
ta′ per ing: growing gradually less; becoming smaller toward one end.
taunt′ ing: jeering; sneering; insulting.
test: decisive trial; to try; to prove.
the′ o ries: ideas; methods.
thresh′ old: the sill of a door; entrance.
top′ sy-tur′ vy: upside down; in confusion.
tress es: curls or locks of hair.
tri′ umph: joy over success; victory; conquest; to obtain victory.
tro′ phy: a token of victory; a memorial; a keepsake; anything when kept as a sign of victory.
truce: brief respite; a suspension of arms by agreement.

tur rets: towers.
un'con cerned: not concerned; indifferent; careless.

Un dine (Un deen): in this lesson, the name of a ship.
Un' i on: in this case the Northern troops in the War between the States.

vap' id: dull; spiritless; idle.
vat: large vessel or tub used in making malt drinks.
Ven' ice: a city of Italy built on islands, and full of canals.
ver dure (vur' dur): greenness.
vic tor: winner; conqueror; successful in fight.
vic' to ry: overcoming of an enemy; conquest.
vic to ri ous (-to' ri us): conquering; successful in fight.
vir' tue: power; energy; noble qualities.
vi' zor: movable part of a helmet which protects the face.

wam' pum: beads of shell used by Indians as money.
war' blers: songsters.
ward: to guard; to protect.
ward' ers: keepers; guards.
wares: goods, merchandise.
war' rior: (-yêr): a soldier; fighter.
weap'ons (wĕp): instruments of combat, as guns or swords.
wea' ri ly (wē): in a weary (tired) manner.
wend: to go.
wist' ful: longing; wishful.
wit' ty: bright; clever.
worn: exhausted; washed.

yield' ed: produced; gave up

STUDY HINTS

King Solomon and the Bee, p. 9. You doubtless smiled when you read this story; what things in it amused you? What other stories have you read in which small or insignificant persons or animals helped large, powerful ones? For what was Solomon noted? How did he show this in the story? Make a note of the titles used in addressing the king or in speaking of him. What were some of the positions filled by the attendants? What old forms of speech are used? What is meant by "woman's wit"? "in state"? Read Second Chronicles, Ch. IX, and find out what you can about the Queen of Sheba's real visit.

The Cadi's Decisions, p. 17. Algeria is a country in Northern Africa. A ruler over a territory is called a sheik. Which of the decisions was the cleverest? What was one thing you liked about the cadi's way of reaching a decision? What do you learn from it? Note the punishment in each case. Blows upon the feet is an Eastern mode of punishment.

The Wise Judge, p. 27. Compare the decision of this judge with those of the cadi. Work out a dramatization of this story, following the plan used in "The Cadi's Decisions."

Foreign Lands, p. 29. What did Robert Stevenson see when he climbed the cherry tree? What did he think he'd see if he climbed a "higher tree?" What would you see from a tree near your home? Think of some of the things you would see if you could climb a "higher tree" and peep into "Foreign Lands."

The Stolen Child, p. 31. At what point in this story were you most interested? At what other places was your interest aroused? Note the effect of the long confinement in the cave on the child's appearance. Note also his idea of the world when he first sees it,—the sun; the flowers; the lamb; the shepherd; the food given him. Use his words in answering. Let five children tell, each in his own words, one section of the story.

The Youth Who Could Not Lie, p. 52. What do you like about Swen? Which of his quaint expressions do you like best? What incident made you smile most? What can you learn from this story? What titles used in this lesson have you found in previous lessons?

Mondamin, p. 62. The Indians believed there was a great spirit who ruled over everything, and that there were other spirits who ruled certain things. They liked to tell the story of Hiawatha's wrestling with Mondamin, the spirit of the maize or corn. Read the beautiful story

and find out how this gift came to the people. What is meant by Mondamin's "plumes of green"? "his long and golden hair"? his "tattered plumage"? What are the "withered husks"? Give in your own words the instructions Mondamin gave for the raising of corn. How did Hiawatha carry out these instructions? What was the result? Are these good instructions for raising corn to-day?

The Feast of Mondamin, p. 67. After the gift of the maize, the Indians held the feast of Mondamin each autumn. This is an account of one of these feasts. Describe it. Get some elderly person in your community to tell of an old time "corn husking." Perhaps your teacher will let you have a *Harvest Day*, when you can recite poems and tell stories about the harvest. The "Corn Club" boys might have an exhibit of the best corn raised in the neighborhood. When does the corn have "green plumes" and "sunny tresses"? When does it have "yellow husks"? What is meant by "stripped the yellow husks"?

The Corn Song, p. 69. At what season of the year do you think the poet wrote this poem? Would it make a good selection to read on Thanksgiving day? Which is the Thanksgiving stanza? What stanza in the poem describes the preparation of the ground? Which the planting, the growing, the harvesting? In what kind of climate would we glean "the apple from the pine" (the pine apple)? "the orange"? "the cluster from the vine"? In what kind of climate is corn gleaned? What is the "wintry hoard"? What other "wintry hoards" does a farmer store away? What are some of the gifts in Autumn's "lavish horn"? What is meant by "homespun beauty"? What is samp?

The Month of March, p. 71. Why do not shepherds like to mention the month of March? How is March the "enemy of the shepherds"? Give the opinion of the two brothers as to March. How do these opinions indicate the character of each? Tell how each was treated. What is meant by "You speak like Solomon"?

Hark to the Shouting Wind, p. 78. What was Timrod's opinion of a windy, rainy day? What was his mood when he wrote this poem? Have you ever found pleasure in watching a storm?

The Turkey Girl, p. 79. This is an Indian Cinderella story. Recall the story of Cinderella; tell how the two stories are alike and how they are different.

Rhoecus, p. 83. Why did the dryad refuse to grant Rhoecus the gift? What did she mean by "your spirit separates us"? In what way is the story of Rhoecus like "The Turkey Girl"? What lesson do the two teach? Learn "He loveth best", by Coleridge.

Goldenrod, p. 86. In what ways is the spring like morning, the sum-

mer like noon, the autumn like evening, and the winter like night? How are the goldenrods like street lamps? How does the frost put out the torches?

Talking in Their Sleep, p. 86. Why does each plant think itself more fortunate than any other? Tell what other plants might say to show that they are not dead. Get your teacher to tell you the story "The Boy That Was Scaret o' Dying."

The Tinder-Box, p. 89. Tinder-boxes were used by everybody in the days before matches. They contained a flint and a piece of steel to strike sparks, and some kind of dry material, like tow or rags, to catch the sparks and start the fire. How did the soldier show his bravery? How did he show presence of mind? Tell what you think of the soldier's friends. Read the lines that show what kind they were. How did the dog show his cleverness? How did the queen show hers?

The Wise Jackal, p. 101. The jackal is always fond of playing tricks on other animals, as you know. Tell of some tricks you have read of his playing. What do you like best about this story? There are several stories similar to this. Perhaps some of the children can tell one of them. Read "The Fisherman and the Bottle," in The Arabian Nights.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night, p. 106. This is a poetic version of the Bible story found in Luke II, 8-15. Compare the Bible story with the poem and find the verses and sentences from which the several stanzas are taken. How does the poetry differ from the prose. Memorize the hymn and sing it.

The Enchanted Flute, p. 107. This story is similar to one you have read in this book. What is the story? Compare it with "Philemon and Baucis" in the Child's World Third Reader. Where do you find something to show that Denis had a grasping character? What other things show this?

The Christmas Tree, p. 112. Read the lines that describe the home of the Christmas tree. Is your home like this? What animals beside the wild deer would be found in this land? What mates (other trees) are found there?

The Magic Flower, p. 113. What influence did the wee woman's garden have on that of her neighbor? Are there yards in your community like the wee woman's yard? Are there any like the neighbor's? Which adds most to the neighborhood? Can you do something to beautify your yard, the school yard, or the roadside?

The Boy Who Recommended Himself, p. 117. How did the boy recommend himself? Are there any other ways by which a boy may recommend himself?

Antonio Canova, p. 118. With what tools does a stonecutter work? What is the difference between a stonecutter and a sculptor? With what materials does a sculptor work? With what material does he usually make the first copy of his statues? What made Antonio Canova a great sculptor?

Hans Andersen, p. 123. Hans Andersen was born in Denmark, a country on the sea. How was Hans different from other boys? How was Hans like his father? Is it right to tease and torment people because they are different from us? What do you mean by "building castles in the air"? Show the resemblance between Hans Andersen and the Ugly Duckling. What is meant by "the close of his own fairy tale"? How was his life a "fairy tale"?

Jenny Lind, p. 130. Jenny Lind, the little girl of whom you have just read, was born in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, a country not far from Denmark. She was so noted a singer that even to-day people say of one who sings well, "She is a Jenny Lind." When was Jenny's magic gift discovered? How was it cultivated? You have read of three children who possessed great gifts. Which of these gifts would you rather possess? Is there some other gift you would rather have? Is there any one in your community who has some great gift? Perhaps some one in your school may prove to be a Jenny Lind, a Hans Andersen or an Antonio Canova.

The Grapevine Swing, p. 139. Have any of you ever made a swing from a grapevine? What lines recall pictures of your own experience? What lines in the poem show that the poet lived in the South when he was a boy? What lines show that the poet lived a busy, hurried life?

The Truest Courage, p. 145. Why was Jack's treatment of Tony so mean? What was it he did that required great courage? Can you tell of any such act that has occurred in your school or town?

Was He a Coward? p. 155. Who is telling this story? Have you ever visited a circus? What animals did you see? Describe the tiger's cage. Describe the work of the bareback rider. Describe feeding time in the circus. Tell in your own words how the boy released the tiger. What kind of courage did this boy have? What does this story teach?

The Quest, p. 163. Describe the home of the restless boy. What change came in him after he left his home and traveled for a long time? Perhaps your teacher will read you Laura E. Richard's "The Golden Windows" and Alden's "The Search for the Beautiful." Compare these stories.

Little Brown Hands, p. 164. Name some rulers of state who were poor boys. What professions are suggested by "the pen", "the sword",

"the chisel", "the palette"? Read the lines that tell the many things the little brown hands do. Read those that tell what may become of these "brown-handed" children. Which lines recall clear pictures of your experiences? Describe the pictures which the lines bring to your mind. Which lines do not suggest pictures? Why?

One, Two, Three, p. 165. Tell in your own words of this beautiful game played by the "old, old lady and the boy who was half-past three." Suppose you try to play this game.

Taking Care of Skip, p. 168. On the sea-coast the tide rises and falls twice each day. The water rises slowly for six hours and then slowly falls for six hours. The beach is covered with water at high tide and free of water at low tide. Describe how Skip got into danger and how Fred rescued him. If you know any other story of a life saved on the sea-shore, tell it to the class.

Whippoorwill Time, p. 174. Which lines bring familiar pictures to your mind? Which lines do you like best?

Balser and the Bear, p. 177. This story shows us the way in which people lived in the West in the early days. How was a log house built? How was this floor made? How did the early settlers cook their food? What did they have to eat? What was the dinner hour? What preparation did Balser make for the fishing? Tell how he killed the bear.

The Singing Lesson, p. 185. Why did the nightingale stop singing? What do you suppose is the "moral" referred to in the last two lines? Is a mistake ever a good excuse for sulking or giving up?

The Third Way Out, p. 187. In the country of this story the winters are long and the lakes and rivers freeze over so that they become the highways of travel. Often wolves are abroad and there is great danger for a traveler on these plains. Describe the peddler's thoughts when he saw the old woman coming. Why did he turn back and take her in? How did this help him? How did he finally escape? Is it ever necessary to do wrong in order to get out of a difficulty?

Three Trees, p. 193. Where did each tree grow? What did each do in its home? What made each differ in shape? Tell what each says. What became of each? What lesson do you learn from this story? Read "The Mountain and the Squirrel" and compare it with this.

Their Own Names, p. 195. Can you call by "their own names" the trees around the schoolhouse? Make a list of all the flowers, plants and birds you can call by "their first names."

My Robin, p. 196. Do you know the robin? At what time of year does he come? What was the lesson the poet learned from the robin? Can we learn to do even a hard task with a smile?

A Brave Little Rebel, p. 198. How did this girl show "true courage"? Get your teacher to tell you of some other stirring incident of the Revolu-

tionary War. Perhaps something happened near your own home. Tell what you liked best about Cynthia. What idea do you get of Lord Cornwallis's character? What incidents show it? If you do not know it, get your teacher to tell you the story of the "Boston Tea Party." Get her to tell you also about the awful winter at Valley Forge.

The Flag Goes By, p. 211. Read the lines that describe the scene when "the flag is passing by." What does the poet think of when he says "more than the flag is passing by." Read the lines that name some of these things. Name a great sea-fight; a great land-fight. What three things does the poet say live in the colors? Try to think of all these things that the flag stands for when you see it passing by. If a flag could speak, what are some of the glories it would describe? What order is repeated throughout the poem? Why should one take his hat off when the flag passes by? Can you give the flag salute?

A Song for Flag Day, p. 212. In what country "half a world away" (across the Pacific ocean) does the United States flag fly? A guidon is a flag which shows which way the guide goes. How are the stars "a gloried guidon"? How are they "a shelter through the night"? Who is "Old Glory"? Which of the flag poems do you like better? Which lines do you like best in each?

Adventures of Robin Hood, p. 214. Which of these stories do you like best? Which scene do you like best? What two characters do you like best? Where do you think Robin Hood was happier, in Sherwood Forest or at the king's court?

Lullaby of an Infant Chief, p. 235. What is a lullaby? Why would you call this a "Scottish" lullaby? Can you recite an Indian lullaby? A negro lullaby? What is meant by "Strife comes with manhood and waking with day"? Name a lullaby you have heard your mother sing.

The Little Lame Prince, p. 236. What would you do if you had a traveling cloak? What good did the traveling cloak do the lame prince? What part of the story do you like best?

The Magic Prison, p. 252. What incidents show how selfish the prince was when he entered the new house? What effect did his acts have on the windows? When did they begin to widen?

The Knights of the Silver Shield, p. 267. Why would a knight wish to "win his star"? How did Sir Roland win his? How was Sir Roland's battle the "hardest of the day"? What does this story teach us? How can you win stars?

The Champion of France, p. 279. How did knights fight on horseback with lances? What do you think of the unknown knight's courage and strength in overthrowing four knights in succession? What is your opinion of the "champion of France"?

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